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More Famous Homes of Great Britain
and their Stories

Edited by A. H. Malan

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MORE FAMOUS HOMES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THEIR STORIES

EDITED BY
A. H. MALAN

COMPTON WYNYATES
LEVENS HALL
NAWORTH CASTLE
COTEHELE
LONGLEAT
GLAMIS

MOUNT EDGCUMBE
BLICKLING HALL
RUFFORD ABBEY
WILTON HOUSE
INVERARY
KNOLE

ILLUSTRATED

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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PREFACE

THE first series of *Famous Homes of Great Britain* has met with so gratifying a success that a second series has been prepared; and the editor of the magazine for which these papers were written, and in which they originally appeared, has been asked to write a few introductory words. This, in a way, is with him a labour of love, as chance has willed it that he has been familiar from childhood with many of the houses described in this volume. As an Englishman, he will be pardoned the conviction that nowhere in the world can the old English country home be surpassed, or even paralleled. In England, the town house has always been an unimportant accessory—it is round the country house that the family associations cluster; it is the country house which is regarded as the cradle of the race, as the precious heritage to be faithfully handed over to the next generations for further enrichment and care at their hands. And in these old homes the predominant note is the sense of continuity. Three or four centuries ago the predecessors of those now in possession walked along that same terrace, gazed upon that same familiar view, or in winter sat before that same hearth sculptured with the arms of the family—each generation attempting to leave its mark in some further adornment of the loved home. It is true, and candour must admit it, that often the work of the present generation is confined to removing all trace of the vandalism and so-called "improvement" effected during the disastrous period from 1800 to 1850, tersely described by the French as *"l'époque du mauvais goût."* Surely there is something

typical of the ever-renewed stream of life passing through these old homes in the mass of creepers and vines with which their time-worn grey walls are so often clothed, which, bursting into fresh green every spring, symbolises the never-ending procession of generations peopling the old houses. Is it insular prejudice which inquires where such velvet lawns can be matched; where such glorious stretches of green park can be found, with the deer standing knee-deep in the bracken under the shade of the giant elms, and the grey tower of the fourteenth-century village church peering over the sweep of the woodlands? This is the picture of the old home of the race which the younger sons of the family will carry always with them wherever their work may call them, whether to an Embassy in some Continental capital, or to the burning plains of India, or to far-off continents under the Southern Cross.

The houses selected for description in this series are admirably representative. Cotehele, Levens, and Compton Winyates are manor-houses—that is, buildings of comparatively modest dimensions built and primarily intended for dwelling-houses. Glamis and Naworth are feudal castles built for defence, but have been converted gradually into residences. Knole and Rufford are excellent examples of monastic and ecclesiastical buildings adapted to domestic use; whilst Blickling, Longleat, and Wilton are stately palaces built at a time when it was considered proper for a great nobleman to surround himself with some degree of magnificence.

Cotehele and Levens are perhaps the best examples in the kingdom of the "Manor-house" as distinct from the Castle. The interior decoration of Levens is of the best English period, and a modern architect could, with advantage both to himself and his patrons, make a prolonged study of it, and realise how admirable effects are produced by very simple means. He could

note (and lay the lesson to heart) the absence of all "fussiness" in the decoration, and the perfect proportions throughout. The chief glory of Levens, however, will always be its garden. This garden, so perfectly in harmony with its surroundings, has grown up with the house, and is no afterthought. It can be taken as the most finished type of what an old English garden should be, with its fantastic forms of clipped yew, its wealth of old-fashioned flowers, and the curious impression of completeness which it leaves on the mind. The garden of Levens, seen in the blaze of the sunshine of an August afternoon, musical with the hum of myriads of bees, will never be forgotten.

Of smaller size, Cotehele, at the other extremity of England, is equally perfect in its way. Shorn now, alas! of the glory of its timber, all the victims of one gale, the surroundings of the house are rather prosaic in their bareness. But the chief interest of Cotehele lies in the fact that its interior and furniture have practically been untouched and unadded to since Charles I.'s time. The visitor can form some idea of what an interior was like at the beginning of the seventeenth century, though much of the work is of older date. The shutters and hangings in most of the bedrooms have been in their present position for four centuries; the fireplaces have been untouched for the same period. The visitor privileged to stay at Cotehele will sleep in a room which wore its present aspect in the times of the Stuarts. Surely there are but few houses in the world where the hands of the clock of time have remained stationary for three centuries.

It is a far cry from the warm, moist atmosphere of Cornwall, to the bleak straths of Forfarshire, but in Glamis we have a building of absolutely unique interest. The lower portions of the central keep are grey with an unknown age. They stood before records existed, "their birth tradition notes not," and still they are used as living-rooms. Think of the thousands of forgotten

ones who must have passed through these grim stone halls, where to-day children's feet patter as they did a thousand years ago. It is not as the home of Macbeth that Glamis is best known, but rather as the abiding-place of that strange mystery which has puzzled so many generations, and had so lavish an amount of useless conjecture wasted upon it. That the owner of Glamis transmits to his successor in the title an awesome secret is known throughout Europe, but knowledge stops there; the mystery remains, as it has always done, an impenetrable one. Many of the finger-marks of the centuries were ruthlessly effaced at Glamis during the early part of this century, and much of the vandalism is irreparable; also a large amount of modern work has been added; still the principal façade is of matchless beauty, with its bevy of clustered turrets and pinnacles, of a beautiful pink sandstone mellowed into a hundred tints of grey, yellow, and crimson.

Passing from Strathmore to the hop gardens of Kent we find another building without rival in its particular style. At a first glance the vast bulk of Knole recalls an Oxford college, and the impression is heightened by passing into the green quadrangles whose very counterpart could be found on the banks of the river Isis. The monastic impression given by Knole is explained when we remember that the greater portion was erected by Archbishop Bourchier as a palace for the See of Canterbury. Knole is indeed fortunate in its surroundings. The immense park with its superb timber and broken ground forms a typical English setting for the long, low grey building, covering in all some four acres. The chief interest of Knole, however, lies in the fact that the greater portion of the house, though daily tended and garnished, *has not been inhabited* for one hundred and fifty years. It is thus rather a museum than a dwelling-house, and has remained with its furniture and fittings intact in a way that would be impossible

were they subjected to the daily wear and tear of life. Surely no such collection of precious things has ever been gathered under the roof of a private house. The rooms, the halls, the masses of works of art and curiosities seem endless. The visitor can step into the centuries at will. Here relics of the Spanish Armada, here the gorgeous bedroom of King James I. precisely as he left it, there King Charles I.'s billiard-table complete with balls and cues as the maker delivered it, or the bedroom of a beauty of the time of George II., with her favourite books, her needlework, and paint-box. This is certainly the enchanted castle of the Sleeping Beauty ; here, again, the centuries stand still at word of command, and this constitutes the unique interest and charm of Knole.

Once more, let us cross England from leafy Kent to the blue waters of Plymouth Sound and take a glimpse of Mount Edgcumbe. The house here is not the chief attraction, being merely a rambling family mansion, most desirable to inhabit, but with no pretensions to magnificence. It is the glorious park, occupying the whole of the peninsula separating Plymouth Sound and the Hamoaze from the English Channel, and the curiously novel effect of seeing huge forest trees actually dipping their branches into the salt water, which gives Mount Edgcumbe its peculiar charm. Mount Edgcumbe is indeed a mine of unexpected contrasts. Very beautiful, though of small extent, are the lower gardens, named severally the "English," "French," and "Italian." From the Italian garden, where groves of orange trees flourish apparently as vigorously in the soft Cornish air as on the shores of the Bay of Naples, and where an old Italian fountain of many-coloured marbles tinkles harmoniously, whilst white marble balustrades and giant ilex complete the illusion, it is literally but five steps to a terrace lapped by the deep water of the Sound, where torpedo-boat destroyers dart in every direction, and stately

war-ships move slowly up to their moorings in the Hamoaze, whilst all around is the busy life of a large seaport. Everywhere at Mount Edgcumbe is this note of the unexpected. A long glade of beech trees leads the eye straight into the sea. A battery of modern guns peeps out of the thickets of greenery. Under the luxuriant subtropical foliage of the Terrace Walk are apparently innocuous little platforms. These are to work the deadly Brennan torpedoes for the defence of Plymouth, for, owing to its position, Mount Edgcumbe is the key of the system of defences for the dockyard and arsenal.

Of Longleat and Wilton, the twin palaces of Wiltshire, it may be said that they have been placed amidst beautiful surroundings, and that every succeeding generation has endeavoured to supplement Nature's work. Each house contains countless art treasures, and the exterior of Longleat is one of the most beautiful in Europe. Each of them, in its way, is the very type of the stately English country house, enriched by the loving care of many generations.

The articles describing these and other Houses comprised in this volume are necessarily brief, and being in many instances from the pen of the respective owners, are characterised by a certain reticence in eulogy. Should the American readers of these pages have an opportunity of visiting the originals, they may rest assured that they will be amply repaid.

FREDERIC HAMILTON.

LONDON, *July, 1900.*

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Blickling Hall

THE WEST FRONT OF BLICKLING HALL

BLICKLING HALL

BY A. H. MALAN

THE Manor of Blickling can claim the honour of having afforded some sort of domicile—if it were but a one-storeyed shed—to Harold, Earl of East Anglia; and of having been, if not the birthplace, at all events the usual place of abode, in her youthful years, of the luckless Anne Boleyn.

The site of Harold's palace, still known as the Old Manor meadow, lies about a mile from the present Hall, in a pretty piece of rough pasture, not unlike a nook in the New Forest or a bit of Surrey common; and the disturbed surface of the ground seems to indicate that the foundations might still be unearthed, by anyone interested enough to set some spades to work without expecting any surprising discoveries.

After Hastings, the Conqueror gave the manor to Bishop

Herfast, his chaplain; and thenceforward it became a pleasant country retreat to the Bishops of Thetford, who continued to hold it for that purpose even after the see was transferred to Norwich. Then, after occupation by members of the families of Fitz-Roger, Engain, and De Holveston, in the latter part of the fourteenth century a portion of the manor came into possession of Sir Nicholas Dagworth, who, after a stirring life of public service in Brittany, France, and Ireland, built himself a residence thereon, of which nothing is now known except that it was surrounded by a moat with a portcullis.

Presently there succeeded Sir Thomas de Erpingham, that fine old knight, for whose good white head, at Agincourt, Henry V. considered a good soft pillow were better than a churlish turf of France. He came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was Warden of Dover Castle, where his arms are said to be still visible on the side of the Roman *pharos*. The Erpingham gate, leading into the close at Norwich, was built by Sir Thomas; also the tower of Erpingham church. Then there followed Sir John Fastolfe, who in turn sold the estate, *circa* 1459, to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, mercer, and Lord Mayor of London, whose grandson, created by Henry VIII. Viscount Rochfort, was the father of Anne, and while in residence at Blickling was apprised of the beheading of his two children. He was succeeded, it appears, by Sir James Boleyn, great-uncle to Elizabeth; and from him the property passed to Sir John Clere of Ormesby, whose spendthrift heir was forced to sell it, and met with a purchaser in Sir Henry Hobart, grandson of the Attorney-General of Henry VII.

This is but a scrappy outline of the early history, but sufficient; an article for the general reader being hardly the place for long genealogical extracts from those voluminous tomes, the old county histories. It brings us down to the beginning of the seventeenth century; at which time Dagworth Manor Hall was

THE SOUTH FRONT AND FLOWER GARDEN, BLICKLING HALL

demolished, to make way for the mansion as one now sees it. This was begun by Sir Henry, 1619, and completed by his son, John, in 1628; the latter, from receiving Charles II. here, gave occasion to Stephenson's couplet:

> "Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen;
> One King fetch'd thence, another brought a Queen."

The striking resemblance of the south front to the central

A CORNER OF THE LAKE

part of one of the fronts of Hatfield is accounted for by the supposition that the same architect, Limminge, was the draughtsman of both. Approaching from Aylsham, along a road skirted on the right by the park, and on the left by a "loke" (Anglo-Saxon *loc:* a footpath separated from the road by a thorn-hedge), it is this front which shows itself first. At that distance the hall, wings, avenues, yew-hedges, and drive compose a scene of lordly formality, dignified and severe; on a nearer approach the eye confines itself to the front only, and then the stone,

THE MOAT AND BRIDGE, BLICKLING HALL

shield-bearing figures, perforated parapet of the bridge, well proportioned windows, decorated white porch of Roman outline, dark oak door and quaint iron knocker, together make a picture pleasant to gaze on, whether viewed directly or obliquely from either side. There may be noticed, on the Portico, grouped around the arms of Hobart (and of Hobart impaling Bell, and Hobart and Sidney), several examples of the canting arms of Boleyn: a graceful compliment to the previous owners of the soil on Sir Henry's part, since it is not apparent that he was any connection of the Boleyn clan.

Looking over the bridge down into the moat, it seems rather incongruous to observe golden polyanthuses and well-mown grass where water should be, and soft-billed birds regaling themselves on the legitimate prey of eels; but it is not easy to say what else should be done with a moat that has lost its *raison-d'être*. Possibly, as light against dark counts for so much in all ornamental gardening, and as there is such a ubiquitous spread of turf elsewhere, a flooring of white crushed spar might be more effective, as a line of demarcation between the dull red of the house and the dingy ivy-clad wall of the moat. A matter of opinion.

To the right, through a curtain-arcade, is a short cut to the flower garden, that has been evolved, in recent times, from that "elegant wilderness" which Blomefield specified as being one of those attractions of the place "well worthy of the attention of such as make the Norfolk tour." With its gorgeous display of spring bloom, it is a fair enough Eden to walk in, in the cool of the day, when the breeze has died down at sunset, and all is still; when the mellow and spirited snatches of blackbirds and thrushes are the only sounds audible, save the brusque, muffled callings of some restless cuckoo; when the wallflowers are giving out their richest fragrance, and vie with auriculas and pansies in

THE MORNING ROOM, BLICKLING HALL

producing a perfect feast of colour, to delight and almost dazzle the eye. Alas, the bright April sunshine so soon scorches up all the primrose tribe, and mars the beauty of the beds, that one almost thinks a preferable way of displaying such flowers would be as a ring just around the foot of a tree on a lawn ; the semi-shade in which they are thus grown considerably prolonging the bloom, and the rising ground at the base of the tree-trunks being so well out of the way of the mowing-machine that the lawn can be kept mown, and yet the flowers allowed to die down in peace. This method of culture is very extensively and prettily practised at Belton, the Lincolnshire home of Lady Lothian's sister ; where also may be noted large breadths and strips of Lent lilies at the lake-edge, and a profusion of narcissi forming natural borderings to shrubberies, such as are to be found here, studded about on the grass, in among the specimen trees beyond this garden.

Of these trees, an oriental plane, computed to be two hundred years old, is particularly noticeable ; the more so when, not being in leaf, its anatomy can be observed. At considerable spread from the trunk the pendulous limbs have long ago established themselves as almost independent saplings ; the *modus operandi* being that when a branch, through its drooping habit, touches the ground, presently it begins to ascend, thus forming an elbow ; then, on being swayed by the wind, this elbow frets away the soil into a hollow, at the same time forming a callosity on its bark, and one fine day it manages to stick in its bed and protrude roots, and so become a fixture. In this case, the parent stem being still full of vitality, the whole operation is visible ; but in the lime-walk, hard by, another method of reproduction presents itself, where clumps of young limes, apparently planted in a circle, stand up like the pillars of a miniature temple of Vesta, and have really arisen as suckers, at the base of a perished ancestor's trunk, of which not the smallest trace survives.

PORTICO OF THE SOUTH FRONT, BLICKLING HALL

LADY LOTHIAN'S SANCTUM, BLICKLING HALL

A stroll along the lake-side brings you to a noble group of beeches, beyond some fine oaks ; in fact, the oaks throughout the park are everywhere good and abundant, in spite of a lamentable gale which not long ago swept down hundreds. Should you think fit to prolong the stroll round the lake, and turn southward, you will come across some delightful glades, where beeches and birches of silvery stem and delicate leafage, growing at their own sweet will, well show what Nature will do when left to herself; while what can be done when she is not left to herself may be seen in the avenues of pollard limes, running parallel with the offices flanking the Hall, that have been lopped and trimmed till their resentment has evidently been aroused.

When the mood of man is merry, these little glades (as Lady Suffield's cottage in the wood testifies) serve admirably for picnics and other simple country joys ; but the mood is not always merry, and if a place be wanted to be wretched in, then you might wend your way to the pyramidal mausoleum, circumscribed by darkest spruces and a forbidding fence ; of sombre and depressing aspect, and shunned by all things living, except, it may be, one or two of those long-eared owls which delight in densest shade. It is the resting-place of the departed John, Earl of Buckinghamshire : far indeed from one's idea of a beautiful burial-place, such as (to give an example) the Tomnahurich cemetery at Inverness.

Let us attack the house from the Porch. The "curious brick fabric," built as it was by a Hobart, is thought to be in the form of an H : no unreasonable supposition, if the end-pieces be connected, and the letter formed of such "solid" type as to leave little space (the courts) on either side of the central span. The archway passed, the first small court crossed, and the Hall entered, on the right lies the Dining-room, panelled and over-mantelled in chestnut, but not calling for further description than that it

THE MAIN STAIRCASE, BLICKLING HALL

contains a good fireplace, surmounted by arms. Next, the Breakfast-room, where, as in the other sitting-rooms, are several of the water-colour sketches of the late Lady Waterford, aunt to the lady of the house. These are recognised by a peculiar boldness of touch and outline, and comprise a variety of figure-subjects. The artist evidently used to advantage the abundance of time at her disposal, at Curraghmore, while her lord, the third Marquis, was engaged in his "everlasting hunting." Possessed of a power of expressing her ideas in a few masterly strokes, her sketches (like these articles on historic houses) are "thoughts and impressions, rather than finished pictures." No body-colour is seen in any of her work.

The Morning-room, next door, has a highly finished ceiling; also a stone chimneypiece originally forming the arch of a window at Caistor Castle, the residence of that reputed "craven," Sir John Fastolfe, who, at the battle of Patay, "before a stroke was given, like to a trusty squire, did run away." Sir John is said by Hall to have been degraded for cowardice; but Heylin, in his *History of St. George,* tells us that "he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour." Skipping two bedrooms, one arrives at Lady Lothian's sanctum, where may be seen the daintiest of English and Dresden china, set off against a black oak mantelpiece, some arras hangings from the Orford sale, and everything else which a boudoir in the best possible taste should possess. Situated at the north-east angle on the ground floor there is a convenient exit (behind the tapestry) direct into the garden; another door, opposite, leads into the deserted study of the eighth Marquis, whose life, of the highest mental promise, was so prematurely cut short in 1870.

From this point it is possible to continue your course, east and south, until you get back to the right of the Porch; when,

THE SOUTH DRAWING-ROOM, BLICKLING HALL

if so minded, you can proceed, by a subterranean passage, to the kitchens, etc., which are detached from the house itself, and are supposed to be the successors of some previous almshouses.

But we will ascend the main staircase instead. It is a double-headed stairs having dark oak balusters, coeval with the house, but with figures thereupon placed here by the Earl of Buckinghamshire, 1765, because, of the original figures, "Hector had lost his spear, David his harp, Godfrey of Boulogne his ears, Alexander his shoulder." In canopies in the wall are statues, of the Georgian epoch, of Anne Boleyn and Elizabeth. The windows (one stained glass), opening into the small courts, give by no means sufficient light to show off the Hall to advantage. The pictures are mostly by Aikman. At the top we enter a small apartment over the Breakfast-room, where Abraham and Sarai and Lot, with swarthy Eastern mien, look out from the old tapestry, not upon a city of the plain, but upon the less notorious, if anachronistic, plane of a billiard-table. On one side of this Billiard-room is the south Drawing-room, with an extremely ornate ceiling and chimneypiece of the period; with ottomans, and sofas, and chairs upholstered in yellow silk; an ebony suite, china, mirrors, etc.; the pictures comprising a portrait of Elizabeth (and a doubtful Mary Tudor), George III. and Queen Charlotte, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Townshend, and that Lady Suffolk (Aikman) whom Scott introduces in the *Heart of Midlothian*. On the other side is the Library, a hundred and twenty-seven feet long, with an elaborate ceiling, showing, in relief, all down its length, three rows of emblematical figures with an expansive range of subject, from a woman riding a griffin to the world's conflagration. Arranged around the walls are the twelve thousand volumes of the famous Blickling Library, got together by Mattaire for Sir Richard Ellis, from whom they were inherited by the owner of Blickling. The rarest books and

THE LIBRARY, BLICKLING HALL, SHOWING ORNATE CEILING

THE LIBRARY, BLICKLING HALL, CONTAINING 12,000 VOLUMES

missals are very properly under lock and key; amongst them one is allowed to inspect the following:

The first printed Latin Bible, 1462, the concluding sentence of which may be translated thus: "This work was made by the artificial invention of printing, or characterising without the use of the pen, in the town of Moguntium [Mayence] to the piety of God, by the industry of John Fust, citizen, and Peter Schwiffher, clerk, and is finished in the vigil of . . ."; "The Blickling MS.": a collection of original homilies in Anglo-Saxon, dated 971, with some seventeenth-century scriblings, apparently by members of the Lincoln Chapter;

Three books of Hours, fifteenth century, with bright illuminated headings and tailpieces, and quaint little coloured pictures, more or less borrowed from the Bestiaries;

A French MS. Bible, thirteenth century; a Latin MS. Psalter, said to be a thousand years old, with synonyms above certain words, in Anglo-Saxon characters;

Two works of Caxton; the rare edition of Coverdale's Bible, 1535; the Prayer Book proposed for Scotland; a collection of nursery rhymes, in Hebrew, based upon the vicissitudes of the great nations; and Aldine publications from 1490 to 1590.

There is also an old Latin MS. Bible of uncertain date, on a page of which appears the autograph of the Duke of Wellington, 1819, and of the Princess of Wales, 1888.

The adjoining room is a sort of State Drawing-room, containing two Gainsboroughs (the second Earl of Buckinghamshire and his Countess), and a large piece of tapestry, in the highest relief, presented by the Empress Catharine to that Earl when he was Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Here, in a cabinet, away from public gaze, are carefully stored some of the effects of Anne Boleyn, recently shown at a Tudor Collection. They consist of some long strips of the thinnest gauze or gossamer, delicate, soft,

SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF ANNE BOLEYN, PRESERVED AT BLICKLING HALL

and flimsy, with flowers thereon worked by hand; the toilet-case (showing small relief portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn), with mirror, brushes, combs, depilatories, unguentarium, etc.; a sort of morning-gown or dressing-gown, and a set of nightcaps. The latter seem over-extensive for a small head; but perhaps they were "worn large," like the former straw hats of the Norfolk peasantry, as appears from a specimen in the attics, of build as massive as a beehive, and weighing no less than two pounds seven ounces.

Grouping for such a photograph is not an unpleasant task; in fact, grouping becomes essential to save time, especially with oil paintings. Thus, in taking the tapestry afore-mentioned — where the smirk on Peter the Great's countenance so aggravatingly diverts the eye from the more artistic battle of Pultowa in the background — quite an array of pictures connected with the House could be put together and worked in. Of these, to the right, first comes the Countess of Buckinghamshire and her daughter Caroline, Lady Suffield, who, as a stone let into the west wall of the house relates, "bequeath'd her jewels towards the expense of erecting this front, MDCCLXIX." Next, the Ambassador's eldest daughter, who wedded the sixth Marquis of Lothian, and brought Blickling into the present family. Then Sir Henry Hobart, Lord Chief Justice, who built the house in 1619, wearing the SS. chain; then Sir James Hobart, Attorney-General to Henry VII. — "a right good man of great learning and wisdom," who, in 1495, built Loddon church, from the east window in which the picture is copied, showing the kneeling figures of Sir James and his wife, — the tower of Loddon church on one side, a bridge over the Waveney on the other; and of which picture the inscription translated runs: "Pray for the soul of James Hobart, Knight, and Attorney to the Lord King, who built this church entirely from its foundation in three years out of his own goods,

TAPESTRY REPRESENTING PETER THE GREAT AND THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA

in the eleventh year of King Henry." Lastly, Lady Londonderry, another daughter of the Ambassador, and a wife of the minister best known as Viscount Castlereagh.

Beyond is the room occupied by George III., with watered silk facings to the walls, a bed in an alcove, and a cot for a page. It is situated at the north-west angle, and by proceeding thence, past some bedroom doors severally lettered L-O-T-H-I-A-N, and so known as the Lothian Row, and round through some south bedrooms, the Drawing-room, with which we began, is once more reached, and the circumambulation is complete. In the bedroom over the porch there is a truly marvellous bedstead, without any foot posts, but making up for the deficiency by being equipped with a surrounding curtain, actuated by cords and a wheel, which can be caused to descend from the canopy above in one fell swoop upon the inmates, hermetically sealing them from all external air; and, as though such imprisonment were insufficient, there is a longitudinal descendable curtain as well, passing down between the divided mattress, thereby creating two cubicles: surely the happy thought of some sorely tried Mr. — why not *Mrs. ?* — Caudle.

Before quitting the Hall acknowledgment is due to a scholarly guide-book by Canon Meyrick, which has been drawn upon in this article. Visitors are fortunate if they may be able to procure a copy in advance, before they go the round of the rooms on that particular week-day throughout the summer when the house is courteously thrown open to their inspection.

On our way up to the church we can get through the left-hand block of offices into the dairy-yard, in order to see a herd of white polled cattle to be found there at milking-time. They are some of the last lingering descendants of what is said to be a unique breed of the wild cattle of Britain, and are characterised by black muzzles, ears, and hoofs, short legs, straight backs; the

WHITE POLLED CATTLE, DESCENDED FROM THE WILD CATTLE OF BRITAIN

skulls also are different in some respects from those of domestic breeds. The cows are said to be bad milkers ; but that is of little consequence, as when grazing together among the trees in the park they look picturesque enough to make up for all shortcomings. The previous lord of the herd was a high-spirited, not to say savage animal, worthy of his illustrious ancestry, with a matter-of-fact way of doing business — promptly knocking any

THE FLOWER GARDEN

one down against whom he was incensed, and then kneeling on him, lest the prostrate foe should attempt to get up. But the present bull is a very degenerate offshoot of Cæsar's *urus,* and it is difficult to believe he represents a race "of enormous strength and speed, which neither spare man nor beast when once they have caught sight of him." Nature, if not in-and-in breeding, has made him a queer sort of hirsute monster, much undersized for a bull, but (given a pair of tusks) not doing at all

badly, as to his forequarters, for a primeval boar. The creature takes life calmly enough, except upon sight of a bovine stranger in the offing, when he stands at gaze, and challenges the universe in a hoarse, gruff roar.

Unfortunately, the parish church has lost much of whatever original individuality it may have possessed, through that modern restoration which tends to reduce our churches to one dead level of uniformity; but it contains the brass of Sir Nicholas Dagworth, who died in 1401; several brasses of the Boleyn family, in excellent preservation; an altar-tomb of the Cleres; the monument (Watts) of the eighth Marquis of Lothian, with two angels, the one at the head, the other at the feet; and a massive oak chest (*circa* 1490), armoured with carvel-built iron plates, the ponderous cover, or lid, of which no two men can lift. The chest bears an inscription running along the front—"Maystyr Adam Ilee mad ys chyst and Robert Filipis payed yer for, God have mercy on yar soules." Near to it is the fine font, with lions *sejant* on bowl and base; it has an old appearance, but is reputed to be comparatively modern.

The golf-links are approached by entering the park from past the inn—and past, also, an ideal English hamlet, with delightful little flower gardens and miniature orchards, backed by well grown forest trees. And properly to appreciate this most picturesque village, the inhabitants should have sojourned awhile in some desolate mining region, where trees are rare and stunted, and nature is represented by a few scraggy pot-plants, peeping out from monotonous rows of windows, in some long, unlovely street.

Knole and its Memories

GREEN COURT, KNOLE

KNOLE AND ITS MEMORIES

BY LORD SACKVILLE

THE first authentic record of the occupancy of Knole is to be found in the reign of King John, when it belonged to William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke; but in the time of Henry III. we find it in the possession of the family of Say and Sele, where it remained until Sir William Fiennes, Lord Say and Sele, being deeply involved in the contentions between the Houses of York and Lancaster, was obliged to sell the greater part of his possessions. Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, bought Knole for a sum equal to £2500 of our money, rebuilt the house and enclosed it in a park, bequeathing it at his death (1486) to the See of Canterbury. There can be little doubt that it was Archbishop Bourchier who built the greater part of the present house, although there are portions the architecture of which seems to indicate an earlier origin. Bourchier's Chapel, the beautiful oriel window of which is one of the chief features

of the Green Court, contains his device, the "Bourchier-knot," carved on one of the stone corbels, while his arms are found in another room of the house. His immediate successor, John Moreton, lived much at Knole from 1486 to 1500, and was visited there by Henry VII. Knole continued to be the private residence of the Archbishops until the time of Thomas Cranmer — who lived there seven years, and whose arms are found on five shields, in a room still called Cranmer's Room. Finding that the vast possessions of the Church excited envy, Cranmer resolved to give it up to Henry VIII., who is said to have determined to make it a royal residence, but never carried out that intention.

THE PORTER'S LODGE

Queen Mary granted the manor-house and lands of Knole to Cardinal Pole, at whose death, in 1558, they passed again into the hands of the Crown. Then Elizabeth made Knole over to her favourite, Dudley, who left behind a trace of ownership in the "Leicester Gallery" before surrendering it back to her; after which the Queen granted it to her cousin, Thomas Sackville, whose grandmother was a Boleyn; she also created him Baron

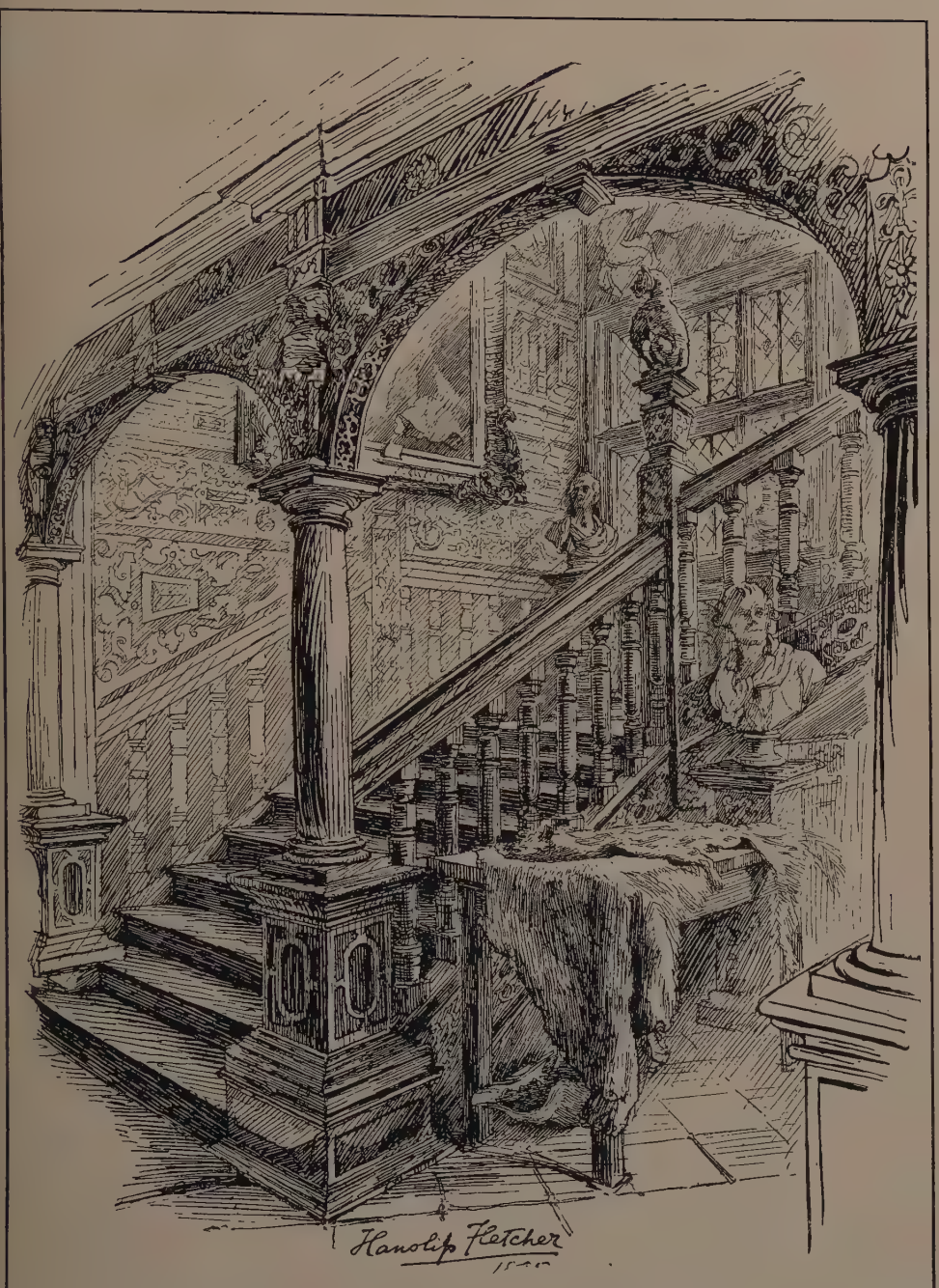
THE CHAPEL-ROOM, KNOLE

Buckhurst, which title he took from his estates in Sussex, and appointed him Lord High Treasurer; her motive in giving him Knole being, according to several publications, "to keep him near her Court and Councils, that he might repair thither on any emergency with more expedition than he could from his seat of Buckhurst, in Sussex, the roads in which county were at times impassable."

THE STONE COURT

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, is celebrated as the author of *Gorboduc,* the first dramatic piece of any note in English verse, which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall many years before any of Shakespeare's plays had been written. He made Knole his principal residence, and did much to the house; the old leaden water-spouts in the Stone Court, still in use, bear his initials and the date 1603; his chest as High Treasurer is to be seen in the Cartoon Gallery. He was made Earl of Dorset by James I., and Knole has remained in the Sackville family since his time. The present owner is the son of Lady Elizabeth Sackville, who, by the death of her brother, the fourth Duke of Dorset, became sole heiress of Knole; she

GREEN COURT, KNOLE



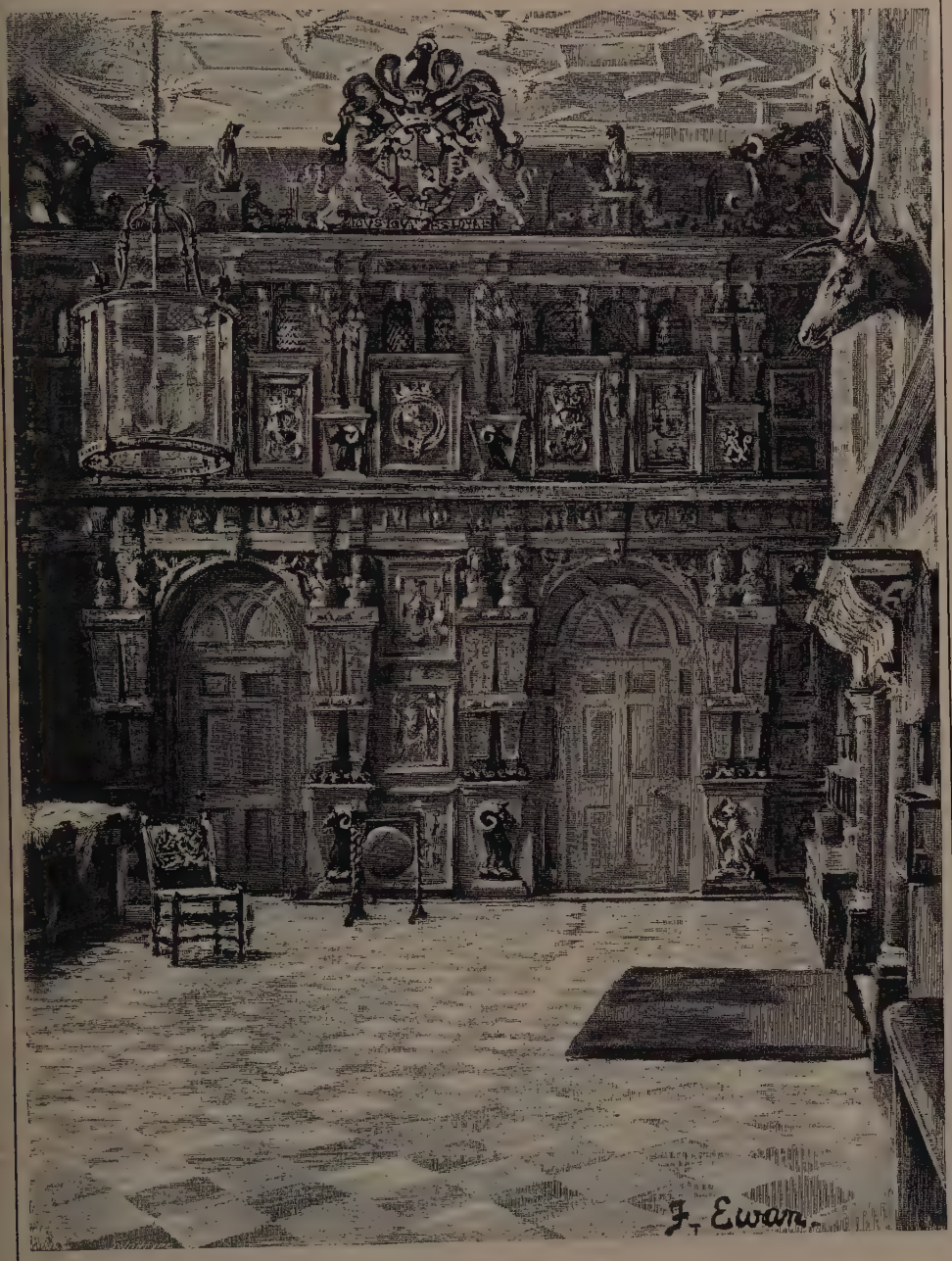
THE PAINTED STAIRCASE, KNOLE

married the fifth Earl De La Warr, and at her death left Knole by special remainder to her younger sons. Queen Victoria revived the title of Sackville in favour of Lady De La Warr's second surviving son in 1876.

The house of Knole, skirted on one side by the town of Sevenoaks, stands in a beautifully wooded park of a thousand acres, which, with its remarkably fine beech-trees and undulating ground, forming beautiful glades and valleys, may well be classed amongst the best of our English parks.

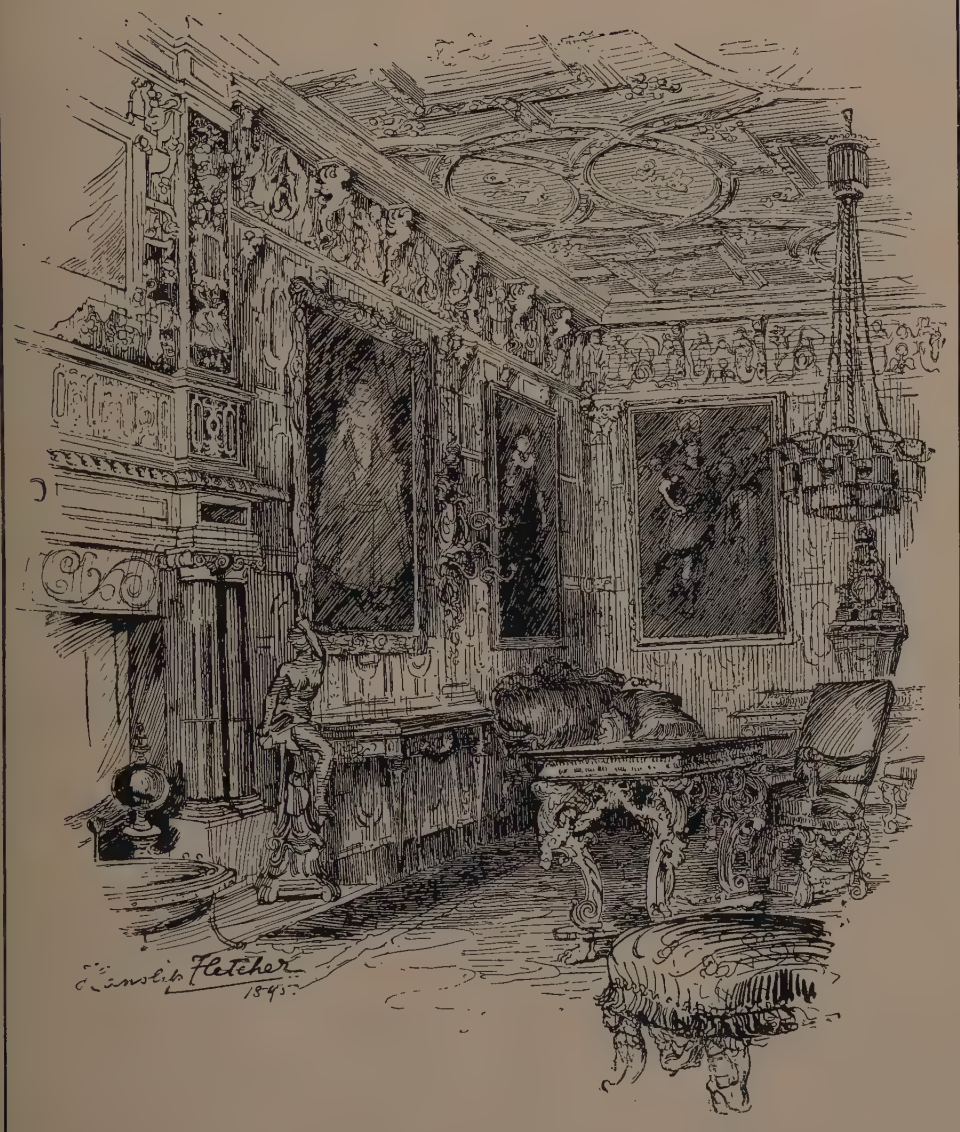
Round the house are the gardens and shrubberies, the whole being enclosed by an old stone wall, in which there are some very fine wrought-iron gates of Queen Anne's period ; while the gardens are laid out in the old-fashioned way, with quaint borders and grass walks.

An idea of the great size of the house may be gained by the fact that it covers nearly four acres of ground, and contains 365 rooms, 52 staircases, and 540 windows. It is built of the grey stone known as "Kentish Rag," and is roofed with picturesque dark red tiles ; the whole pile, with its numberless chimneys and gables, giving more the impression, at a distance, of part of an old mediæval town than of a private dwelling-house. The principal entrance is by two massive oak doors under a square tower, and the visitor finds himself in the largest of the seven courts round which the house is built. Directly opposite is Bourchier's graceful oriel window. Through another arched porch and oak doors there is the Stone Court (rather smaller than the first, or Green Court, but quite as picturesque in its old-world appearance), from which there is the door leading into the Great Hall. This Hall, measuring 75 feet in length, 30 in width, and 20 in height, with a raised dais at one end and an oak screen boldly carved with the Sackville arms at the other end, was the old Banqueting Hall. The small panels in the upper part of this



THE GREAT HALL, KNOLE

THE ANCIENT BANQUETING HALL



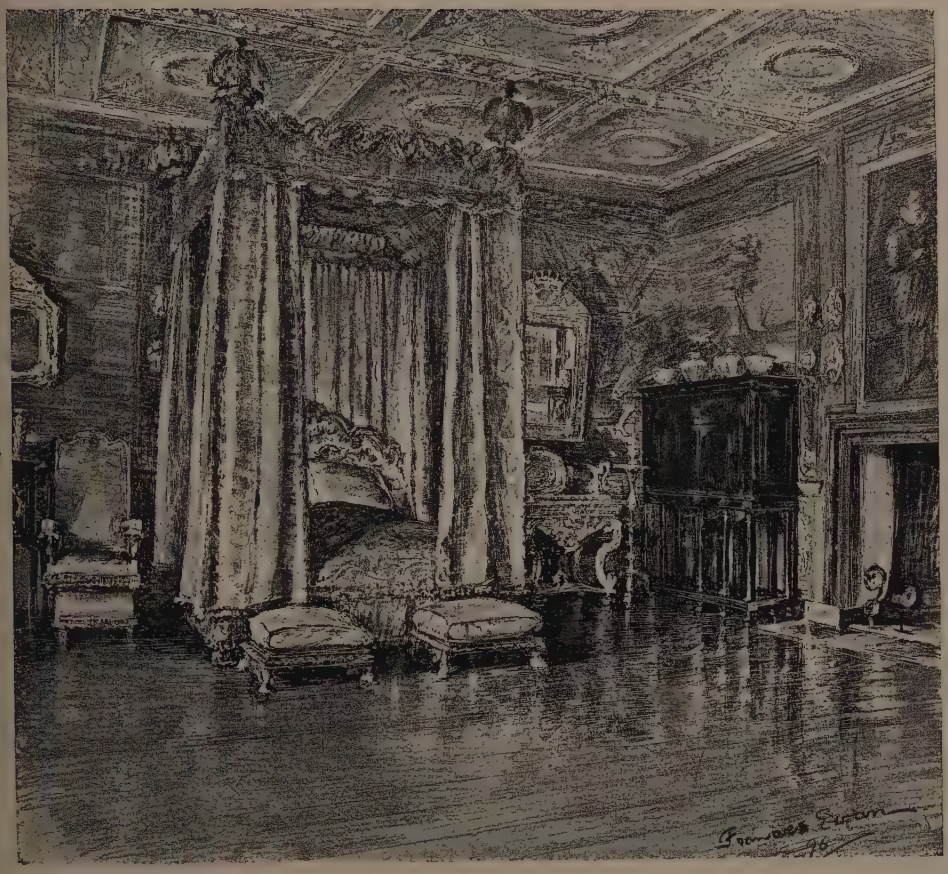
A CORNER OF THE BALLROOM, KNOLE

screen open and form windows looking down into the Hall. Here are several pictures, the most interesting of which is a portrait of the three brothers Coligny, by Porbus. Along the walls are hung the various patents granted to the family from the time of Elizabeth ; some of them beautifully illuminated, with portraits of Elizabeth, James I., Charles II., etc.

Leaving the Hall, visitors ascend the principal staircase, and enter the Ballroom, which contains a complete collection of the portraits of the owners of Knole since the time of Queen Elizabeth ; amongst others a very striking picture of Edward Sackville, fourth Earl of Dorset, by Van Dyck. The room is panelled with oak painted white, and has a broad carved oak frieze running round the top ; there is also a very fine Renaissance fireplace and a Sèvres service presented by Napoleon I.

A short passage leads into the Reynolds Room, in which there are seventeen pictures by Sir Joshua, two by Gainsborough, and two very fine Hoppners—one a portrait of the last Duchess of Dorset, whose husband was the collector of the best pictures of that period now in the house. The fireplace, also of the Renaissance period, contains two silver fire-dogs.

Immediately opening out of this room is the Cartoon Gallery, so called from the copies of the famous Raphael cartoons, with which the walls are covered ; these copies were presented to the fourth Earl of Dorset by Charles I., by whose order they had been executed by Mytens, in order to give the King an idea of the originals when they were for sale. The windows in this Gallery, which is ninety feet long, contain twenty-one coats of arms in stained glass, showing the alliances of the Sackville family ; while the furniture, covered with old Genoa velvet, is especially beautiful, being all early seventeenth century, and well preserved : our ancestors were evidently not unmindful of the comfort of an armchair. At the far end, an oak door, enriched with gilt locks given



THE KING'S ROOM; ALSO CALLED THE SILVER ROOM

by William III., leads into the King's Bedroom, so called from the bed and furniture having been bought for James I.'s reception. This room is also called the Silver Room, on account of the great profusion of silver displayed in it — viz., a large silver table, three looking-glasses, two high tripods, twenty-eight sconces, eighteen jars, and a complete toilet-set, which is said to be the most perfect of the period. The bed itself is a large four-poster hung with rich gold and silver brocade, and is furnished with satin mattresses. The tapestry, representing the history of Nebuchadnezzar, is very remarkable (similar hangings, but without borders, are in the billiard-room at Glamis Castle); and the whole room, as it stands to-day, is just as it was three centuries ago.

On the other side of the Ballroom is the older portion of the house, which has not been touched since early Tudor times — a fact which is plainly visible in the rough-and-ready fashion in which the oak panelling has been put in. The first room in this part is the Chapel-room, which contains some old furniture, two quaint Dutch "dummy-board figures" used formerly as fire-screens, and a screen worked by Queen Elizabeth, the walls being hung with tapestry, and many of the window-panes filled with talc, from which is obtained a glimpse of some quaint smaller courts. The Organ-room, which is next, derives its name from the curious old instrument which stands in it and bears the date 1623. There are also in this room several "black-jacks" and curious old wine-bottles found in the cellars. Passing on to the Brown Gallery, a curious collection of chairs and stools is to be seen, while on the walls is a long row of portraits representing all the famous men of the sixteenth century. These portraits are painted on panels, and have been thought to have been given with Knole by Elizabeth. Opening out of this gallery are two charming little rooms used in the last century by Lady Betty Germaine, who has filled them with samples of her needlework;

THE SPANGLE ROOM, KNOLE

from the windows there is a lovely view of the gardens. Opposite, there is another state bedroom, the furniture in which was all given by James I. ; while beyond is the dressing-room belonging to it, and, still farther on, the old Billiard-room, containing a billiard-table of the time of Charles I., very much resembling our modern tables. This room is really part of another long gallery, called the Leicester Gallery, full of more seventeenth-century furniture, and of some excellent examples of Van Dyck's art ; containing, also, a large picture of James I. (by Mytens), immediately below which is the actual chair in which the King is represented as sitting. Close by is a curiously illuminated pedigree of the Sackville family (with small portraits of the more important members) from the Conquest to Elizabeth ; Herbrand de Sackeville having come over with William. At the end is a bedroom prepared for the reception of James II. : it is furnished with a table, two tripods, and two looking-glasses of ebony and silver ; the furniture is done up in green Genoa velvet. It is curious that in

KING JAMES THE FIRST'S CHAIR

THE BROWN GALLERY, KNOLE, CONTAINING PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

this room there is an "Adams" window and fireplace; these being the only examples of that period of decoration in the house.

The chief objects of interest in the Chapel are some beautiful pieces of tapestry, and carved groups of saints in wood, representing the procession to Calvary, over the altar, which were the property of Mary Queen of Scots, and were given by her to Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, as a farewell present and token of her appreciation of the tact he displayed in announcing to her the sad fact that his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth, had passed sentence of death on her.

Here the list of rooms shown to the public comes to an end. The private sitting-rooms now in use are all on the ground-floor, and are of a more modern appearance with regard to their decoration and furniture; though in the Colonnade-room there is another fine example of a Renaissance ceiling similar to that in the Cartoon Gallery and Ballroom. The Dining-room contains a well-carved open fireplace; also an interesting collection of portraits of literary men and poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, such as Dryden, Prior, Pope, Wycherley, Congreve, Hobbes, Locke, and Addison; and there is, besides, a picture of Charles, the sixth Earl, who loved to surround himself with the men of letters of his time, and was the author of some poems, and of the song, *To all you ladies now on land,* which was penned by him, in 1665, when a volunteer under the Duke of York, on the evening before the successful engagement against the Dutch fleet under Admiral Opham. It is of this Earl that the following story is told: At a certain party, at Knole, it was proposed that each guest should write an impromptu, and that Dryden should decide which was the best. Those present, including the Earl of Dorset, having handed their contributions to the umpire, Dryden rose, and said that, having perused them all, he must give the palm to their host's, which ran as follows: "I

THE CARTOON GALLERY, KNOLE, CONTAINING COPIES OF THE FAMOUS RAPHAEL CARTOONS

promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, or order, five hundred pounds on demand. DORSET."

It was in this room that the Parliamentary Commissioners assembled, to order Knole's sequestration in consequence of the strong support rendered to the royal cause by the fourth Earl of Dorset, whose duel with Lord Bruce of Kinross is considered to have been the turning-point in the fashion of personal combat.

In the other private rooms are a number of pictures and miniatures, and some *bric-à-brac;* the bedrooms have Sheraton and Chippendale furniture.

I have attempted in the foregoing remarks to give an accurate, if somewhat sketchy, account of the chief objects of interest in the house, but I feel that my pen is incompetent to describe Knole as it should be described; and yet it is not difficult to allow the mind to wander, and to attempt to repeople the past with the many celebrated men who have been there. Cranmer's and Bourchier's private chapels could surely tell us something more than we already know of their lives and prayers; while the old Banqueting Hall must have witnessed many a scene of feasting and revelry on the occasion of a royal visit. It was here Sir Thomas More spent part of his boyhood as page in the household of Archbishop Moreton. Here must have come Leicester and Burleigh, and many a noble at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. Here also Dryden, D'Urfey, and Edmund Waller were guests; while only a little more than a century ago Sir Joshua Reynolds painted at Knole several of the pictures still in the house for his friend, the Duke of Dorset.

Cotehele

COTEHELE

A FEUDAL MANOR HOUSE OF THE WEST.

BY A. H. MALAN

AMONG the stately homes of Cornwall — whether remarkable for age or architecture, or (as more often) for beautiful grounds and semi-tropical gardens redeeming bare, barrack-like buildings — there is certainly nothing quite like Cotehele. Situated just west of the Tamar, it is unique of its kind, and has a charm all its own. Inside and out it so speaks of antiquity and so carries back the mind to the past that, were some armoured knight suddenly to present himself in all his bravery, it would not seem a very strange thing; though the correct method of saluting him would doubtless be rather a startling problem.

The connection of the Edgcumbe family with this "mansion place" opens with romance. It was in the middle of the fourteenth century. Hillaria de Cotehele had become an heiress under age, through her father's death; and John of Eltham claimed her wardship, in consequence of the family always holding their lands from the Earls of Cornwall by knight service. This wardship he gave to his steward, who sold it to Maude de

Brendon; and upon the latter's death it was uncertain who ought to administer it. Different claimants began wrangling, before the Black Prince's Council, as to who should be guardian, and whom the heiress ought to marry; but Hillaria, being a high-spirited young personage, over fourteen years of age, asserted her woman's rights, proved her case, and married William of Eggecombe against all objections. A genuine love-match, this, on her part; for the younger son of a small Devon squire could not have had much in possession to offer, either of real or personal property. Little more is recorded of the lady: there was one son, Peter; she enjoyed twenty-six years of wedded bliss; and when her husband departed, she appears to have found small difficulty in transferring her affections to another.

Traces of the buildings of this date are seen in the west side of the quadrangle and elsewhere; the small round-headed windows showing the earliest existing work. But the greater part of the house, as it now stands, does not seem to have been begun until the time of that great-grandson of William and Hillaria who was destined to be such a notable character, albeit his career was far from unchequered.

This was Richard Eggecombe, who, in 1468, had so far raised himself above the status of his great-grandsire, that he was escheator for his country, and very much in the King's good graces; but neither his high position, nor the royal smiles, could preserve him from being sadly molested by the owner of fortified Bere Ferrers, namely, Robert Willoughby, afterwards Lord Willoughby de Broke. There exists a curious document describing the injuries and wrongs done by this bold, bad man to his neighbour of Cotehele; how "with 34 men, armed with jackes, salettes, and scythes, he lay in a wayte to have mordered and slayne him, and upon him made a saute"; and again, how Robert "chasyd" Richard, so that he was forced "to lie dayly

THE EASTERN WING, COTEHELE

(SUMMER)

and nyghtly in his wodys for safe garde of hys lyffe to the grete hurte and grefe of hys body"; and yet again, how at "Tawystock" Robert and his men with "Jakkes, Saletts, trygenders, bowys, arws, Swerdys and byllys, made a great affray and a saute" upon Richard, who "was in hys bed nakyd safe hys shurt":—and a good deal more to the same effect.

But it is highly unfortunate that Willoughby's version of the affair is not preserved. For instance, it would be interesting to know whether there was any third person involved, and if so, who she was; or whether these forays were simply a pastime, to exercise the varlets of Bere Ferrers and keep them up to the mark. Also the question arises why in the world, instead of taking it all so tamely, Richard did not marshal *his* retainers, and attack Willoughby. Anyhow, the dexterity and agility which Eggecombe acquired in hiding and running away were soon to prove of eminent service to him in more stirring scenes. In 1483, he raised some Cornish troops, and went to join Buckingham's plot against Richard III.; but that plot having failed before the western contingent joined the Duke's force, Richard and his merry men had to save themselves as best they could. And then it was that Eggecombe, being nearly run down in his own woods by some of the King's adherents under Sir Henry Trenowth, managed, under shelter of an overhanging rock, to throw his cap into the river; so deceiving his pursuers, who supposed him drowned. Dropping down the Tamar, he escaped to Brittany; and having, like other exiles, joined Henry of Richmond, landed with him at Milford, and was made Knight Banneret at Bosworth. From this time his fortunes quickly improved. He was granted various manors for his prowess in the field, was made Comptroller of the King's Household, and Privy Councillor; and, having learnt by this time how much nicer it is to pursue than to be pursued, he hunted down Trenowth, and after making him

THE EASTERN WING, COTEHELE

(WINTER)

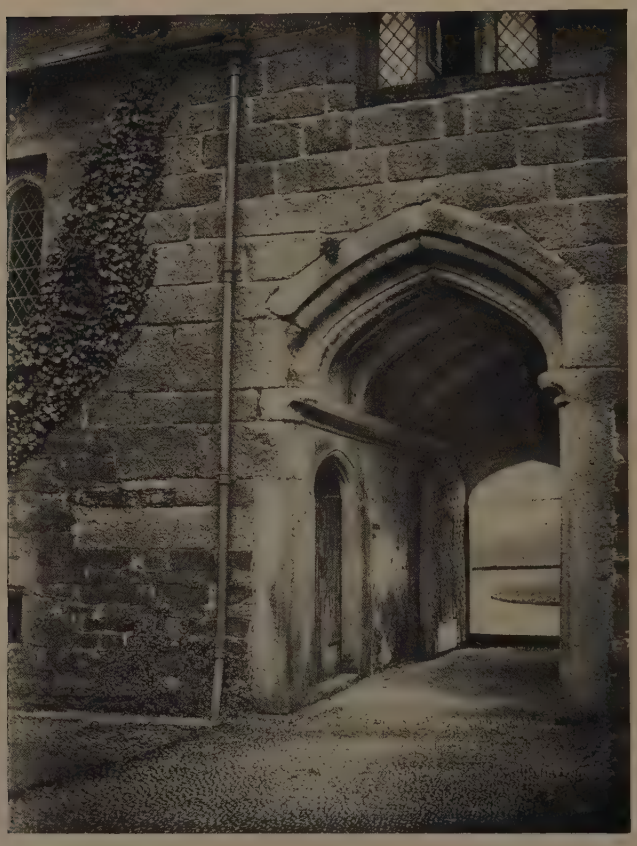
jump for life at a cleft in the cliff near the Dodman, received for his exploit the confiscated estates of Bodrugan. In these ways he grew passing rich ; but the four remaining years of his life were so occupied in the King's service—in Scotland, Ireland, and Brittany—that he had little leisure to enjoy his good fortune in his own home. But it is supposed that it was he who copied the earlier example of Bere Ferrers, and began castellating and enlarging Cotehele ; providing some at least of that external granite work, which is so obviously of later construction than the smaller rubble masonry. This work, however, was more largely gone into by his son, Piers. For, after joining in the Holy Wars against Louis XII. of France, and being knighted at the Battle of the Spurs, Sir Piers seems to have spent most of his life at Cotehele, in spite of the fact that, by his first marriage with the heiress of James Durnford, he acquired the manor of Stonehouse, the future and more imposing residence of his descendants.

It is unnecessary to follow the family history any further ; for that has rather to do with Mount Edgcumbe than with Cotehele. The Virgin Queen sought one of her Maids of Honour in Margaret Edgcumbe, afterwards Lady Denny ; and she may have been thinking of that lady's brothers, when she said that the Cornish were all born courtiers ; though it is to be hoped her thoughts were not running in the same direction when she avowed, in one of her tantrums, as is reported, that the farther west she went, the more certain she felt that the Wise Men came from the East.

Since, then, the patronage of Royalty has always been granted to the Mount Edgcumbes ; and that, apart from his Court duties, the present Earl has long enjoyed the friendship of our Royal Family, the autograph book at Cotehele could very easily show, were no other evidence available.

THE SOUTH, OR GUARD, TOWER

Approaching from Hingston Down southwards, the private road first brings in sight a gaunt, solitary tower, which looks as if it ought to have kept watch and ward over the country round, but is considered to be only a "folly"; then presents a glimpse of the battlemented towers and Chapel bellcote, vignetted amid a tangle of elm-branches; and then, sweeping round in a sharp curve, passes in front of the eastern façade. Perched at the head of an abrupt ravine narrowing down to the winding river, this wing, all buried in creepers, with the old-fashioned, terraced garden in front, makes a pretty enough picture on a summer's day. It is naturally sheltered from all sides but the east, and till recently was so wooded towards the Tamar that nothing but the undulating heights opposite could be seen between the tree-tops. But that fatal blizzard of '91 spared neither historic oaks nor almost prehistoric chestnuts. In merciless fury it swept the declivity so bare, that at the present time the vista from the terrace is practically a bird's-eye view of Calstock, sloping down and round the river-turn; and were it the lot of the



PORCH OF THE GUARD TOWER

SOUTH FRONT OF COTEHELE

illustrious owner of Cotehele to have to fly from some neighbouring squire, he would find it extremely difficult in his own woods to secure cover enough to screen him. Gravel paths wind downwards on either side of the ravine, past old ponds and a circular dovecot, until a palisade stretching across, whose gates must needs be locked, seems to bar farther progress in that direction.

For the fortress above would otherwise be by no means impregnable against the attacks of hordes of trippers from Plymouth. You have only to proceed round the bend to the right, on to the precipitous knoll where Sir Richard's votive Chapel so picturesquely stands, directly above the water, to see abundant evidence of their incursions on the panels of the oak door all scored and stencilled with their initials. This kind of excursionists' gratitude, for admission to private grounds, by the way, is cleverly avoided at Swanage where a deal board near the geographical globe on the headland bears a printed request to visitors to be so good as to inscribe their valuable names upon it rather than on the orb of Purbeck stone; a similar plan might well be adopted here. And the refinement of consideration for the trippers' propensities would be reached if a chained knife were attached to the board, thus furnishing them with every facility wherewith to do the deed, and gratify their predilections with a minimum of labour.

Entering the quadrangle by the arched porch of the Guard Tower, there is the choice of three ways — to the Retainers' Court, the Hall, or the eastern wing. It matters little which is taken, as nearly all the rooms connect with each other; but one naturally makes for the chief feature in all early houses — the Hall. One is struck rather by its height than its size. The bare lime floor, the dark oak roof, and the somewhat feeble, stained-glass light, entering only from the quadrangle side, give it a weird, bygone

WEST SIDE OF THE QUADRANGLE

appearance at all times, except when long tables and the paraphernalia of a feast are introduced for some special lunch or political function. Round the walls are all sorts of relics: copies of the pennons of Sir Richard and Sir Piers; cuirasses and headpieces worn by cavaliers; a two-handed state sword with the guard turned the wrong way; a hide target with rapier-snapping boss; cross-bows, small and large; some halberds; and firearms of divers kinds. Also, two ancient cast bronze Irish horns, brought home, perhaps, by the great Sir Richard himself. One of these is a speaking-trumpet with oval hole into which to project the voice; the other is an instrument composed of two pieces now soldered together, but probably not belonging to each other: for it is only necessary to turn to the artistic curves of Irish manuscripts, brooches, etc., to feel pretty sure that no Celtic artisan would be guilty of making such an awkward combination, when he could as easily have cast the whole trumpet in one piece. Besides, though similar horns and similar straight pipes have been found together (but not united), no mouthpiece has been discovered fitting into the extended end. But what is worthy of even more notice than these is the iron hand. The fingers are severally made to move and be fixed at various angles; indeed, the whole thing is a very clever piece of workmanship. Some unfortunate warrior, small-handed, like the old Britons,

THE IRON HAND

RETAINERS' COURT, COTEHELE, SHOWING ARROW SLIT AT SIDE OF DOORWAY

used it on the left arm to hold his shield and disguise the loss of his own member. No one knows who he was, when he lived, or in what skirmish he came to grief; but here his gauntlet still hangs, a mute but eloquent memento of some brave man struggling with adversity.

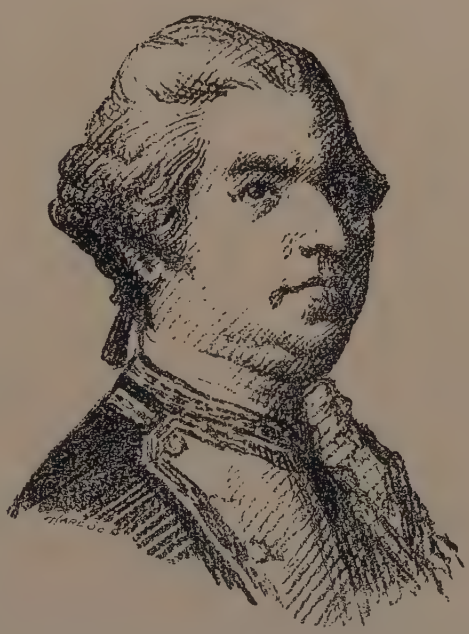
Before ascending the oak staircase, which at some period superseded the earlier stone steps, you turn to the left and enter the old Dining-room. This appears to have but one entrance; but doors, concealed by the tapestry, lead thence to the Chapel and Punch-room. The huge brass fire-dogs, the leather black-jack, painted Italian mirror, and high-backed sofas, all date back a great many years; and the costrels, sackpots, canettes, ewers, and other pieces of valuable ware, to say nothing of the antique brass rushlight, snuffers, candlesticks, etc., make one greatly desire to linger among all these curiosities; but so much remains to be seen that we suppress the wish, and pass on into the Chapel.

The "Crucifixion" in the east window, with angels receiving in chalices the sacred drops from hands and feet and side, is a very beautiful representation; before its recent restoration, the portions composing it had been mixed up anyhow, and, as they appeared then, were quite unintelligible. A pre-Reformation crucifix, backed by a sixteenth-century triptych, still lingers on the altar; latten candlesticks and dishes stand on the re-table; and the altar-cloths display the most exquisite needlework, though two of the figures of one of them happen to be missing. Here, too, the brazier still continues in use, heating the little oratory in winter, and at the same time emitting soporific fumes, sadly detrimental, no doubt, to the preacher's best points. The retainers have their separate door; the priest his; and a long horizontal slit, passing through the south wall of the chancel, goes by the name of the Lepers' window.

A CORNER OF THE HALL, COTEHELE

THE HALL, COTEHELE, SHOWING FIREPLACE

The Chapel had never been successfully photographed ; and it was desired to bring out the detail in the east window (much of this is lost in the reproduction) and the work on the altar-cloth. The difficulty in the way of obtaining a good photograph was this :—Except for the east window, the Chapel is lighted only by a tiny west window, and the opened south door ; and it was overcome thus. A huge tarpaulin, suspended by a yard, was hung outside the east window, completely darkening both it and the whole chancel. Then all the paraffin lamps in the house were brought in, lighted, and set behind the screen, on the floor, on seats, etc., where they would not show, cross-reflections being avoided as far as possible. Thus the lectern, screen, and brazier were illuminated by day-light, (from doorway, and west window,) and the whole chancel by lamp-light. After an hour's exposure, the yard was let go, and down came the tarpaulin ; and a few seconds' exposure then secured the detail of the east window. Never before, nor since, has the Chapel been so brightened and heated up ; the result was surprisingly harmonious ; but one was glad when the last lamp was safely extinguished.



GEORGE, THIRD LORD EDGCUMBE, DIED 1795
AFTER REYNOLDS

Thence we return, and ascend to the state rooms in the upper part of this block. One of these, called after King Charles, contains a most valuable bedstead, with fine carved work at the head. But what catches the attention more than anything else, is an extremely old steel mirror, in a by no means modern case.

In the barbarous age of the last century, and even more recently, when Cotehele was unoccupied save by caretakers, it was customary occasionally to paint the arms brown, and wash down the pictures with gin and water; and it was customary also to clean this mirror with sandpaper; but now its original brilliance has been so wondrously restored that no photograph can convey any idea of its depth of lustre and refulgence. The printed card requesting visitors not to touch the surface of this marvel of reflection seems superfluous; and yet did not a very great lady not long ago handle the burnished metal all too fondly in spite of it? If only her hand had been uncovered, the royal imprint might have been one day interesting, as a proof of identity; but the blurs from the kid glove were not so worthy of preservation, and cost the worthy major-domo hours of patient toil before they could be wholly effaced. The sombre hue of the tapestry, and the rich dark carving of the bedstead, scarcely do themselves justice in ordinary lights; but they become very effective at that particular hour when the sun streams in with a warm glow through the latticed window.

LADY EDGCUMBE
AFTER REYNOLDS

And that window, by the way, recalls a ludicrous incident which befell an occupant of the bed on one occasion. It happened on this wise. After calling his master and quitting the chamber, the valet accidentally shot the outside bolt, and went his way, leaving the inmate an unsuspecting prisoner, destitute of all communication with the outside world. When the discovery was made by the victim, hammering at the door, shouting, knocking on the floor, would have been a useless waste of energy;

VIEW OF THE CHAPEL, COTEHELE, SHOWING EAST WINDOW

A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM, COTEHELE

not a living creature was in the wing save himself: there he must remain, and possess his soul in patience until release might chance to arrive. And there he did remain, until the happy thought suggested itself to shy the billets of wood from the hearth one by one out of the window, and await events. The device proved successful. Servants emerged into the quad., not a little startled at seeing Palladia coming down from Jove; but surprise became dire consternation when they found that someone

had been incarcerating the embodiment of all authority, the first gentleman in Cornwall, the very Lord Lieutenant himself. Barring any similar experience, if King Charles ever slept in this cosy room, he found himself in comfortable quarters; but one is not quite so sure about Queen Anne, for hers is a very tiny apartment, nearly all bed; and it is not quite clear how she got into the room, or closed the door after she was in, unless her women removed at least the outworks of her attire before she entered.

Lower down you come to the old Withdrawing-room; a bright, delightful room, with abundant light to show off the allegorical scenes of the tapestry, the carved ebony Tudor suite, the intricate Italian cabinets, the Persian carpet "with needlework on both sides"; also the cut velvet chairs, on which George III. and his Queen took their "disjune" at Cotehele on August 25, 1789. And, it may be added, the old oak door, with its diagonal

KING CHARLES'S ROOM

panelling and Tudor roses, in a setting of granite archway, so took the fancy of the Empress Frederick, that when she saw it, she at once asked for an accurate drawing, with a view to reproducing it in her German residence.

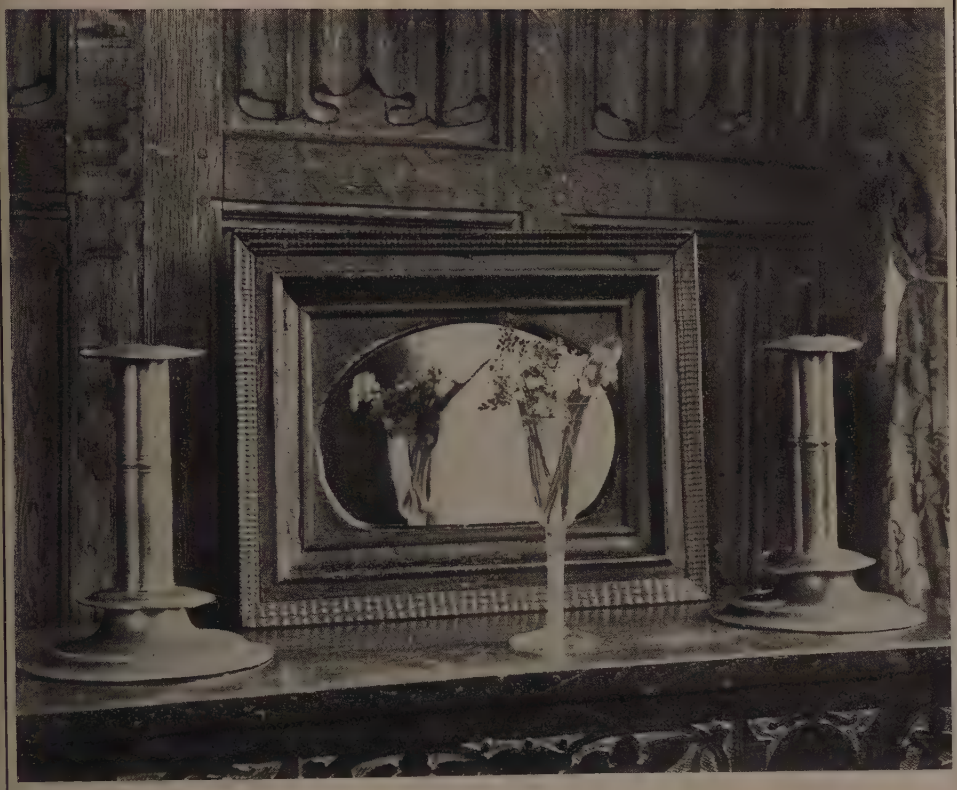
Down again to the next landing, and into the Red room. Here we find another elaborate bed, more cabinets, Chippendale chairs, and a pretty peep through the turned-back tapestry into the south room beyond. This latter, just above the old Dining-room, being "my lady's chamber," is honoured by having recesses, with squints into both Hall and Chapel. The hangings are suggested to have been worked by Hillaria, and, with the chair covers, to have taken her fourteen years to execute; but this is pure conjecture. What is certain is that the mirror is dated three hundred years later (1668), and that *that* looks old enough for anything. These mirrors are very characteristic items. You see how, when large panes of silvered glass were not procurable, small panes were eked out with wide borderings of raised figures of persons, animals, and foliage worked in over a spirited sketch of the idea, in Indian ink. Like the bed-hangings, these mirrors were embellished by the ladies of the house; and, feminine amusements not being too numerous, excessive pains were lavished upon their adornment. And then, after a time, the old work began to decay; and a generation arose which had neither the skill nor the inclination to restore it. You see this, too. For one of these mirrors was once all covered with animals done in flat bead-work; but the lower half of the pattern came to pieces; and then some gentle but misguided dame, casting about for employment, covered the dilapidated part with velvet; and instead of herself working some objects to relieve it, laid sacrilegious hands upon the altar-cloth (a royal antiquary suggests *bier*-cloth) and calmly transferred two figures of saints from it to the mirror—forming,

THE OLD WITHDRAWING-ROOM, COTEHELE

along with the Durnford arms, the most incongruous mixture it is possible to conceive.

Retracing our steps, we proceed round a landing off the stairs, into the White room: a name not due to any "Lady in White," but to the prevailing hue of the hangings. However, it so chances that this is the only room with any suspicion of a ghost. It is not at all surprising that there should be a ghost here—in fact, it rather points to the blameless lives of the Cotehele and their successors that there is not a series of spectres distributed about this rambling, ghostly old place; but it is a little strange to hear of one being located in a china closet. But then, though that is now but an appendage, shut off by tapestry, it is really the end room of the original wing, which was subsequently absorbed into the great tower. And when one sees that, in the thickness of the wall, there are spiral stone steps leading down into a cellar adjoining the Punch-room, and that the Punch-room communicates directly with the back premises, infinite possibilities to account for the presence of an apparition are opened up to a perfervid imagination. Fortunately, the nebulous visitor is a considerate exception to the general run of ghosts, and does not make much noise, or even rattle the china; and consequently no damage has thus far been done to the contents of the shelves, which comprise, amongst other things, a porcelain copy of the silver Roman lanx dredged up in the Tyne, and now at Alnwick.

Returning once more to the Hall, one door leads away to the kitchen and offices; and in the kitchen is a great circular oven, seven feet in diameter, two feet nine inches high, formed of a double panel of upright granite slabs, with granite doming above. These ovens are rather interesting features in old Cornish houses; for being built in the substance of the wall—naturally the oven-work would not support itself—the wall could not be less than eight or nine feet thick; and so there was at hand a certain



ANCIENT STEEL MIRROR AT COTEHELE

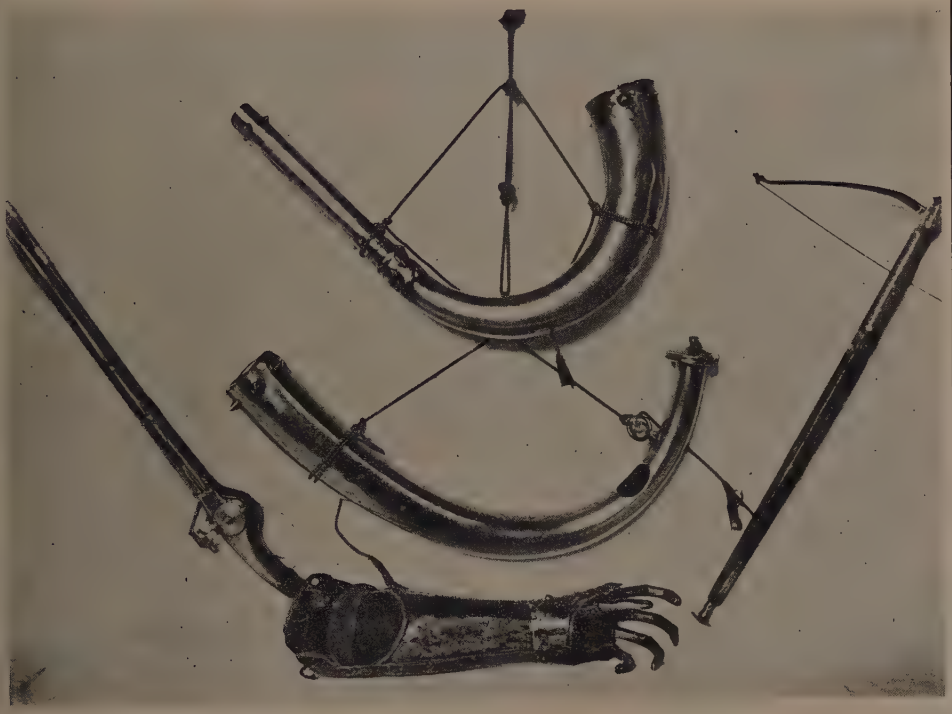
amount of space, not necessarily accounted for. This waste space, in some cases, was utilised for a hiding-place, refuge from the press gang, or storage of money and contraband goods. The writer recently opened out a secret chamber, in a sixteenth-century manor-house, by the side of just another such oven, of which a drawing may be seen in Mr. Baring Gould's *Strange Survivals*. The little hiding-place was very ingeniously entered. There was a hole ten feet up the wide chimney, and invisible from below, reached by a short ladder being brought and pushed up the chimney ; and from the manhole a passage ran down behind the chimney-back into a domed chamber below. This was seven feet by five feet six inches, and five feet high, absolutely dark, except for a small keystone drawing inwards ; and it had so well proved itself to be a *secret* chamber that successive modern tenants had no notion of its existence, until the containing wall became ruinous, and an accident chanced to reveal it. Besides the entrance up in the chimney, the back of the open hearth was made to be removable and again replaceable, in case a few kegs needed to be stored away hastily. And the only objection one saw to the place, as a refuge, was the fact that it must have been most uncomfortably warm when the adjacent oven was in full heat.

The secret place at Cotehele was not at the side of, but rather above, the great oven. It was discovered and opened some years ago, and nothing but a bridle was found in it ; but then someone else had been there before, and that someone is believed to have been a mason, working about the house, who upon his death left his daughter an unusually large sum of money, of which no account was forthcoming. Tradition always affirmed that treasure was hidden somewhere here, though tradition is usually worth nothing in such cases ; but a letter was actually inserted in the false bottom of a chest in 1618, and found

ANCIENT SILVER PLATE, SHOWING GREAT SALTCELLAR

and recorded in 1640, referring definitely to "strong chests and hidden secrets" and "enemies"; and it is very probable that some part of those hidden secrets was deposited in the usual place—that is to say, the receptacle close to the kitchen oven—and also found its way out from thence, through the hands of the aforementioned mason or some previous rogue. For there are extant several bills for silver plate, purchased about the time of Charles I. and II.; and, though both the Sir Richard of that period and his son Piers suffered for their allegiance, and gave much of their plate in their King's service, or else parted with it to raise their fines, it is hardly likely that all of it was sacrificed except the very small quantity still in existence. However, by the strangest good luck, that which has escaped all perils includes a piece of plate much earlier than the Charles's days. This is the ancient saltcellar (1516): the chief ornament of the dinner-table in olden days; the piece sometimes named first in lists of old plate; the dividing mark between the high and low table. And if one may judge of the worth of salt by the depth of the receptacle in the top, it was at that time remarkably precious, and a very little must have been made to go a long way.

The third door from the Hall leads to what was the buttery in the east wing. This room was of old given up to guard-rooms, cellars, and a dungeon, with sleeping-rooms for soldiers, or loafers overhead. No windows in the lower rooms looked outwards, and the façade *then* was stern, unbroken, and devoid of any beauty. In more recent times it was used for farm purposes. Then the present Earl took it in hand, built a porch, inserted lower windows, and sufficiently modernised and furnished it to make it a dower-house for his mother, the late countess dowager. And all praise is due to the way in which the work has been done. Several delightful rooms, including Drawing-room and Morning-room, have been fitted up; musty,



ANCIENT IRISH HORNS, ETC., IN THE HALL, COTEHELE

bat-haunted lumber-rooms or apple-stores have been turned into bedrooms, even up to the top of the guard tower; and yet all this has been effected with hardly any interference with the original plan. The staircase has been formed by stealing corners from two rooms, above and below, and then hiding the theft by oak wainscoting. What was but lately a cellar or cider-press-room, or something of that sort, is now a fascinating library, at the end of the wing.

And yet not at the very end, for, on lifting a curtain, behold! a low granite doorway reveals and leads into the dungeon. A bolt is placed inside the door; so it may have been a refuge as well. Whether the one or the other, the only source of light is a tiny window far up in the wall, with a long narrow shaft leading therefrom and passing through the vaulted roof of the cell. But now, times are so changed that, instead of inspiring prisoners or fugitives with gloomy, desperate thoughts, its purpose has grown wholly beneficent; for, in offering its friendly shelter to the knight of the camera in search of a dark room, it encourages the fine arts; and to practise *these,* is said, on authority, to "soften the manners, and prevent their being ferocious." Which being so, if only the tyrant of Bere Ferrers could have taken up photography, he might never have wanted to hunt Richard of Eggecombe; and it is safe to assume that that poor ill-used man would have preferred even posing as a model to being "contrewayted and chasyd" and ruthlessly assailed with trygenders.

Glamis

THE MAIN FRONT OF GLAMIS CASTLE
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE SONS, DUNDEE

GLAMIS

BY LADY GLAMIS

GLAMIS CASTLE is widely known as one of the most interesting buildings, both historically and architecturally, in Scotland.

To the lover of Shakespeare, the name of Glammiss (as it was sometimes spelt) will recall the act of treachery and murder which tradition gives as having taken place there, when King Duncan was done to death by the hand or at the instigation of the ambitious and unscrupulous Lady Macbeth ; although there is no possibility of proving or testing the truth as to the details or locality of the tragedy.

To the antiquarian the Castle must be of immense interest, on account of the great age of the central portion or Keep, which is known to have been standing in 1016, but "whose birth tradition notes not" ; while to the romantic and superstitious it is

a place where ghosts and spirits moving silently down winding stairs and dark passages are wont to make night fearsome. This feeling of eeriness is not confined to the naturally nervous, for Sir Walter Scott, who spent a night at Glamis in 1794, writes:

"MALCOLM'S STONE," IN THE GARDEN OF GLAMIS MANSE

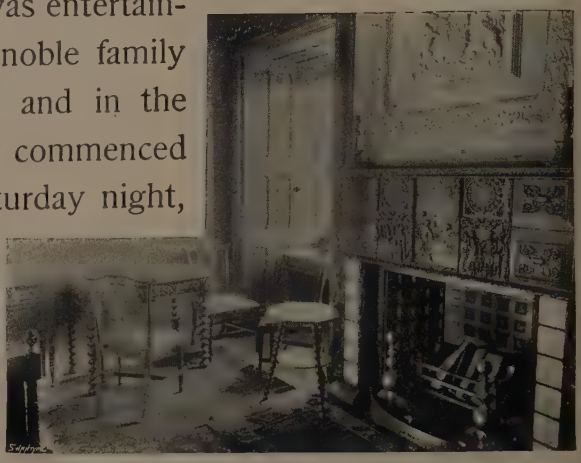
"After a very hospitable reception . . . I was conducted to my apartment in a distant part of the building. I must own that when I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living and somewhat too near the dead."

Additional interest attaches to this Castle from the fact that its venerable walls enshroud a *mysterious something,* which has for centuries baffled the curiosity and investigations of all unauthorised persons; this secret is known only to three people—the Earl of the time being, his eldest son, and one other individual whom they think worthy of their confidence.

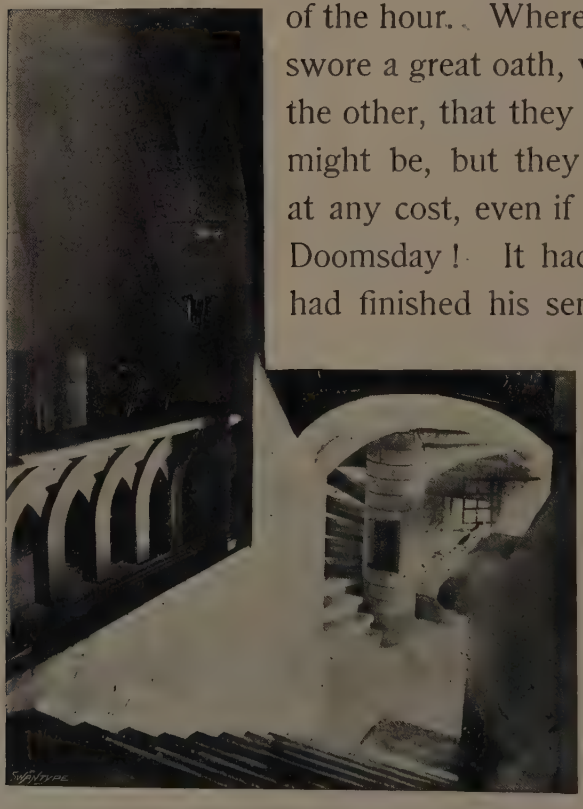
Most people have theories upon this subject, and many ridiculous stories are told; but so carefully has the mystery been guarded, that no suspicion of the truth has ever come to light.

THE CRYPT, GLAMIS CASTLE
FORMERLY THE RETAINERS' HALL

One version of the story is as follows: Several centuries ago the Lord Glamis of the time was entertaining the head of another noble family then resident in Angus; and in the course of the evening they commenced to play cards. It was Saturday night, and so intent were they on wagering lands and money on the issue of the game, that they did not recognise the fact that Sunday morning was approaching until an old retainer ventured to remind them of the hour. Whereupon one of the gamblers swore a great oath, with the tacit approval of the other, that they did not care what day it might be, but they would finish their game at any cost, even if they went on playing till Doomsday! It had struck midnight ere he had finished his sentence, when there suddenly appeared a stranger dressed in black, who politely informed their lordships that he would take them at their word and then vanished.



ROOM IN WHICH KING MALCOLM II. DIED, A.D. 1034



THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE, SEEN FROM THE CRYPT

The story goes on to aver that annually on that night these noblemen, or their spirits, meet and play cards in the SECRET ROOM of the Castle, and that

A CORNER OF THE CRYPT, GLAMIS CASTLE

THE DINING-ROOM, GLAMIS CASTLE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE SONS, DUNDEE

this will go on till Doomsday. In corroboration of this story, it is said that on a certain night in the autumn of every year loud noises are heard and some of the casements of the Castle are blown open.

Glamis Castle stands in the centre of the vale of Strathmore, in a picturesque and well-wooded part of Forfarshire; the heather-clad sides of the Sidlaws, which divide Strathmore from the sea, rising to the south, while away to the north tower the Grampians, which form a magnificent background to the ancient pile of buildings whose turrets rise some hundred and fifteen feet above the level of the ground.

The poet Gray, in a letter, describes the exterior of the Castle in the following words:

"The house, from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers atop, and the spread of its wings, has really a very singular and striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw."

The oldest portions of the Castle are formed of huge irregular blocks of old red sandstone, which time and weather have mellowed into a beautiful grey-pink colour. The original Keep was evidently about three or four storeys high, but Earl Patrick in 1670 heightened it considerably; the extra storeys were, however, so well "clappit on" (to use the Earl's own words) that it is impossible to see where the additions commence. The walls of the Castle in many places are sixteen feet thick, which in the olden days had the essential recommendation of great security, and also of allowing space for secret rooms and passages as means of escape in times of peril; and, as a matter of fact, two secret staircases have been discovered within the last five-and-twenty years, and possibly there are others, which still remain forgotten and unused.

The narrow windows appear at irregular heights and distances in the central building or Keep and left wing (the right

THE DRAWING-ROOM, GLAMIS CASTLE
FORMERLY THE BANQUETING HALL

wing having been burnt down and rebuilt early in 1800 is not so interesting), but the great staircase added by Patrick, Lord Glamis, in 1605 is very fine, occupying a circular tower, the space for which has been partly dug out of the old walls of the Keep, and rises to the third storey. This staircase (the designing of which has been attributed to Inigo Jones) is spiral with a hollow newel in the centre, and is composed of stone to the summit. It consists of 143 steps, 6 ft. 10 in. in width, each of *one* stone.

THE "LION OF GLAMIS" CUP

The staircases which were in use before 1600 are very narrow, dark, and some of them winding, the steps steep and irregular in height, worn into hollows by the many feet that for centuries climbed them. Up two flights of these dimly lit, uneven stairs, the wounded king, Malcolm II., after having been treacherously attacked and mortally wounded by Kenneth V. and his adherents on the Hunter's Hill, about a mile from the Castle, was carried by his followers to die in the chamber that still bears the name of King Malcolm's Room. This murder of King Malcolm is the first authentic event mentioned by the chroniclers in connection with Glamis.

In the parish of Glamis stand three huge stones of rude design, covered with symbolic sculptures, which according to tradition were erected to commemorate the death of Malcolm II. One on the Hunter's Hill is supposed to mark the spot where he fell, and stands about seven feet high, facing the east; a cross, figures of men, and various symbols are sculptured on it, but are

much defaced. The stone close to the kirkyard is much larger, and is called King Malcolm's gravestone, although that king was not buried there. An ornamental cross and many curious symbols are carved on the side facing the east; on the other side a fish, a serpent, and a circle are seen,—symbols of Christianity,—which carvings are of a later date than the cross, etc., and are attributed to the Knights Templars, who lived in that part of Scotland for a long time.

SWORD OF "KING JAMES VIII."

In the time of King Malcolm, Glamis was a royal residence, and remained so till 1372, when Sir John Lyon, "a young man of very good parts and qualities, and of a very graceful and comely person, and a great favourite with the king" (Robert II.), was made Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland. At that time the King's daughter, the Princess Jean, fell in love with this young knight, and was given him in marriage, together with the lands of the thanedom of Glamis, *"pro laudabili et fideli servitio et continuis laboribus,"* as the charter bears witness, March 18, 1372. Ten years later Sir John fell in a duel with Sir James Lindsay of Crawford, and was buried at Scone among the kings of Scotland. He left one son, from whom the present family of Lyon have descended without a break from *father to son* to the present day. (It may be mentioned incidentally that the ancestor of the Lyon family came over with William I., and that either he or one of his immediate descendants

settled in Perthshire in the district still called Glenlyon.) Fifty years later, Sir Patrick Lyon (Sir John's grandson), who was one of the hostages to the English for the ransom of James I. from 1424 to 1427, was created Baron Glamis, and appointed Master of the Household to the King of Scotland. For the next hundred years nothing of interest occurred, till John, sixth Lord Glamis, married the beautiful Janet Douglas, granddaughter of the great Earl of Angus ("Bell-the-Cat"), and died in 1528. Lady Glamis married, secondly, Archibald Campbell, of Kepneith, whose relative, another Campbell, fell in love with her. Finding, however, that his addresses were but ill received by this lady, who was as good as she was lovely, his love turned to hate, and he revenged himself by informing the authorities that Lady Glamis, her son Lord Glamis, and John Lyon, his relative, were conspiring against the life of the king, James V., by poison or witchcraft. They were tried for high treason, and wrongfully convicted! Lady Glamis and her young son were both sentenced to be *burned,* and the estate of Glamis was forfeited and annexed to the Crown by Act of Parliament, December 3, 1540. However, these brutal judges, on account of the extreme youth of Lord Glamis, feared to bring him to execution, so the boy was kept in prison, with the death sentence hanging over him, while the beautiful Lady Glamis was dragged forth and burned at the stake on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, July 17, 1537. Those were days when acts of violence and cruelty were regarded with an indifference that we cannot now realise, although when she stood up in her beauty to undergo this fearful sentence, it is recorded that all heads were bowed in sorrowful sympathy. When this infamous execution was accomplished, remorse seems to have come over Campbell, who was visited by visions of his victim looking at him with sad, reproachful eyes. When, some years later, his death was drawing nigh, he confessed that his evidence at the

GLAMIS CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST

trial was altogether false. Lord Glamis was therefore released from prison, and his estates and honours restored.

To return to the Castle. The exterior is much ornamented with ancient armorial bearings in carved stone of the principal Earls since 1606, quartered with those of their separate wives, among them the Murray, Panmure, Ogilvey, and Middleton quarterings. Above one window the initials of Patrick, first Earl of Kinghorne, and of Dame Anna Murray, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Tullibardine, are placed, while a round niche over the front door contains a bust of Earl Patrick, of whom mention will be made presently. The principal entrance is a striking feature. The doorway is small and low, and a stout, iron-clinched oaken door, thickly studded with nails, is guarded on the inside by a heavily grated iron gate, which opens right on to the great staircase. A flight of steps to the right of the entrance leads down to the dungeons, vaults, and the old well (now filled up) which supplied the inmates with water in times of siege; while another stair to the left leads up to the Retainers' Hall (or Crypt as it is now called), low, and fifty feet in length, with walls and arched roof entirely composed of stone. Of the seven windows, which are small, four or five are cut out of the thickness of the walls, and make recesses just large enough to form small rooms, which might have been used as sleeping-chambers in old days. Lay figures, clad in complete armour, stand in the recesses, which, especially in the dusk, give an eerie effect to this part of the Castle. It is said that a ghostly man in armour walks this floor at night—possibly the original of one of those armoured figures standing silently in the Crypt year after year, who may, perchance, have ended his life in the dungeon that lies exactly underneath. A square stone, now practically immovable, formed the covering of the hole by which prisoners were lowered into the dungeon beneath. But there is no doubt that there was also

THE CHAPEL, GLAMIS CASTLE

a stair connecting the hall with the dungeon, which, along with the other old staircases (some of them have recently been opened out), was walled up at the time the great new central staircase was built.

PATRICK, LORD GLAMIS, A.D. 1600

From the south-east corner of the Crypt a short, dark passage, cut through the stone walls, leads to the small, quaint, and irregular Duncan's Hall, the traditional scene of Macbeth's crime, where a year or so ago an old hearth was discovered built up in the masonry, and has been opened out.

The Dining-room, which is entered from the west end of the Crypt, is another fine room, though quite modern, having been rebuilt early in 1800. The walls are panelled in oak, and adorned with some good family pictures; but the most interesting object that occasionally appears in it is the old silver-gilt drinking-cup in the form of a lion, a very ancient piece of plate, holding about a pint of wine, which in old days

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, A.D. 1700

each guest was expected to drain before quitting the Castle. Sir Walter Scott was one of those who swallowed the contents of the lion, and in a note to Waverley he says "the feat served to suggest the story of the Bear of Bradwardine."

HELEN, COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, A.D. 1672

Leaving this floor, with its dark winding passages, its grated, prison-like windows, and ascending a side staircase, King Malcolm's room is passed, and the Banqueting Hall (now used as the Drawing-room) is entered. This room is a fine specimen of the old baronial days, being sixty feet long by twenty-two wide, with a coved ceiling of beautifully designed plaster-work, which was added to the room by Earl John in 1621, whose initials, with those of his wife, together with the date, are placed at intervals among the patterns of the mouldings. The chimney-piece of carved stone is very fine, reaching to the top of the room, while

CHARLES LORD LYON, A.D. 1715

pictures of the Lyon family, as well as of some of the Stuart kings and other notables, adorn the walls. Here hangs the portrait by Sir Peter Lely of the celebrated John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee ; this well-known and distinguished chief, who, had he lived longer, would probably have restored Scotland to King James II., was a great friend of the Lord Strathmore of the time, and consequently spent many days at Glamis, Claverhouse being situated about twelve miles to the south. The picture represents Dundee as a very handsome young man, with features soft and refined even to feminine regularity ; but under this gentle exterior can be detected the undaunted and enterprising valour coupled with the prudence and determination that were the acknowledged attributes of his character. His coat, a sad buff-coloured felt, laced with silver, and evidently similar to the one he was wearing when he met his death at Killiecrankie, is kept as a valuable relic in the Castle.

CLAVERHOUSE'S COAT

What different scenes must this old Hall have witnessed in its time ! Not many years prior to the visits of the gallant Clavers, the soldiers of the Commonwealth held their rude orgies under its roof, having been quartered at Glamis by Cromwell's orders as a piece of petty revenge, because John, second Earl of Kinghorne, had voted against the delivery of King Charles I. to the Parliament. Then in 1715 deep mourning surely reigned

THE SUNK GARDEN, GLAMIS

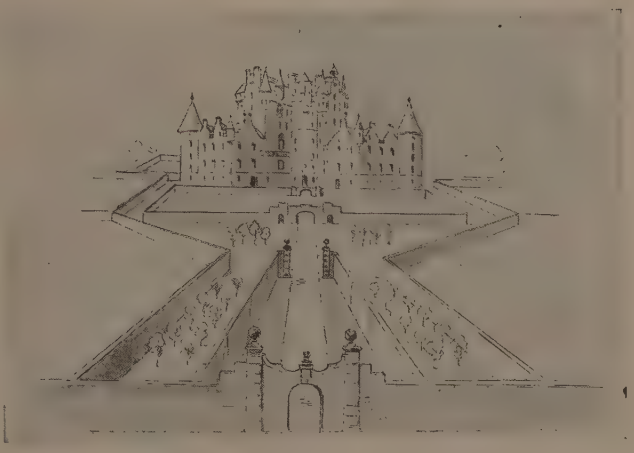
there, when the news arrived that the brave and promising young Earl of Strathmore had been killed at the battle of Sheriffmuir, after fighting hard and gallantly in the cause of the Stuarts.

The following year the mourning was turned to joy when Prince James spent two nights at Glamis on his way to Scone. What feasting and loyal toasts must have been given in the Hall in the course of those two snowy nights and days, when the Chevalier received many of his followers, and gained all hearts by his princely qualities! It is said that during this visit eighty-eight beds were made up in the Castle for the gentlemen in his train. The Chevalier's bed is still to be seen, though much spoiled by tourists, who, on certain days, are allowed to go over the Castle; and the room he occupied, with a secret stair concealed in the walls, still bears his name. His watch and sword are among the treasured curiosities in the Castle, the former having been found under his pillow after

THE GREAT SUN-DIAL

he left for Dundee. The sword bears the following inscription: *"God save King James 8th: prosperitie to Scotland and no union."*

But to return to the Hall itself. The principal picture hangs at the end of the room, and represents Patrick, first Earl of Strathmore and third of Kinghorne, who beautified Glamis considerably both within and without, as his diary testifies, which is in perfect preservation, and well illustrates the social life of Scotland more than two hundred years ago. In this portrait he is depicted sitting with three of his sons, pointing with pride to the Castle in the distance, on which he had spent so much care. At that time the Castle was surrounded by walled courts, gardens, and a moat; and the main approach to the south, about a mile in length, was guarded by seven gates, and was the work of Earl Patrick. These surroundings were all pulled down early in 1800 by a disciple of "Capability Brown," the two flanking towers alone being left! Sir Walter Scott, who revisited Glamis after this barbarous act of modernising had been accomplished, describes the changes in such beautiful language that it should be quoted:



CASTLE OF GLAMISS IN 1686. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE CASTLE)

"Down went many a trophy of old magnificence, courtyard, ornamented enclosure, fosse, avenue, barbican, and every external muniment of battled wall and flanking tower, out of the midst of which the ancient dome, rising high above all its characteristic accompaniments, and seemingly girt round by its appropriate defences, which again circled each other in their different

gradations, looked, as it should, the queen and mistress of the surrounding country. It was thus that the huge old Tower of Glamis once showed its lordly head above seven circles of defensive boundaries, through which the friendly guest was admitted, and at each of which a suspicious person was unquestionably put to his answer." There were two or three moats surrounding the Castle, but they were filled in by Patrick, third Earl of Kinghorne and first Earl of Strathmore.

That Earl proceeds to say of these moats, in his diary, "which stankt up the water so that the place appeared marish and weat," and was generally condemned as "an unholsom seat of a house."

Very close to the walls of the Castle there are the remains of what some consider to have been a moat, whilst others consider it to have been an underground passage. It appears hardly wide enough for a moat, and the fact of the sides being lined and the top beautifully arched with stone almost favours the supposition that it may be part of that underground passage of which there has long been a tradition.

The Chapel, which opens out of the Drawing-room, is one of the most interesting parts of the Castle. Thirty feet by twenty; walls and ceiling are divided into thirty-four panels, each one containing a picture relating to the life of our Lord and the Twelve Apostles. These paintings were executed by a Dutch artist named De Witt, whom Earl Patrick engaged by contract, in 1688, to paint all the Chapel (as well as a good many ceilings and portraits) for the sum of £90. The contract for this work is still among the family papers, and is very curious, as De Witt was evidently a slippery fellow who required a good deal of binding. When the present Lord Strathmore succeeded to the title, in 1866, he found the paintings in perfect preservation, but the Chapel in a sadly neglected state; he therefore had it

GLAMIS CASTLE IN 1730
(FROM AN OLD PRINT)

beautifully restored and rededicated, and daily service has been held there ever since; the painted walls and ceiling, stained glass, beautiful embroidered altar-cloths (worked by the present Lady Strathmore), and flowers, render this little chapel peculiarly attractive as a place of worship.

The Billiard-room, with its fine and valuable tapestry, representing incidents in the life of Nebuchadnezzar, and of which only three examples were known to exist,[1] is on this same floor, and is the last of the large rooms, being fifty feet long, but it is not part of the ancient building. Here stands a great chest filled with beautiful costumes in flowered silks, velvets, and satins, as well as old uniforms, all belonging to Lyon ancestors of several centuries ago; besides these a fool's dress remains, cap, bells, and all complete—a rare possession nowadays. Sometimes these ancient garments see the light, when the Castle is full of young and merry guests, who don these slashed and broidered coats and skirts, and when gathered together in the old Crypt almost seem to have forced back the hands of the clock of time two or three hundred years.

There remains yet much to tell, but space fails. The old kitchen, an underground vault, dark and low, with one loophole to light it, is a contrast to the present kitchen, which is fifty feet long and broad in proportion. The great sun-dial on the lawn is quite unique, bearing as it does *eighty-four* dials, supported by four nearly life-size lions in stone; and although the exact age of this remarkable piece of work is not known, old pictures of Glamis prove that it was standing in front of the Castle in 1600. A balustrade of fine seventeenth-century iron work runs round the top of the Castle, from whence, on clear days, magnificent views may be obtained of the surrounding country; while the beautiful gardens, walks, and drives, which have been created by

[1] A *replica* of this tapestry is to be found in the "King's Room" at Knole, Kent.—Ed.

THE FRONT DOOR, GLAMIS CASTLE

the present Lord Strathmore (who has bestowed as much care on the old place as his ancestor, Earl Patrick, of whom mention has been made), deserve more than passing notice. The old Castle, as it now is, enlivened by the cheerful surroundings of a large family party, and ringing with the glad sounds of grandchildren's voices, is a truly pleasant place to live in ; whilst the great iron gate stands hospitably open to welcome the many guests who pass that way, who, in spite of the Castle's reputation for ghosts, seem to pass their time merrily enough.

Levens Hall

LEVENS HALL, FRONT VIEW

LEVENS HALL

BY DOSIA BAGOT

MY fancy takes me to a spot where it is my delight to linger on cool autumn days. It is a certain venerable bridge, overhung with ivy, and known to many dwellers in the North Country. A river flows beneath it: at one moment a rushing, noisy river bounding and leaping over rock and stone, the next winding along so hushed and still that one might gaze for ever in its depths, lazily dreaming away the hours over the fairy-like possibilities hidden away down there in that mysterious labyrinth of moss and weed. But above, men and women of every kind, absorbed and distracted by conflicting interests, are constantly hurrying.

Levens Bridge has stood for centuries, through those days when packhorses only could cross, until the time when the exigencies of progress demanded, by the widening of the bridge,

sufficient space to allow waggons and carriages to pass; and there it has remained.

But now I can spy you in the distance, flying down the steep hill yonder on the latest improvement in Humber wheels. When you get to the bridge you alight, with the odd little shuffle peculiar to bicyclists, and remain looking over curiously into the stream. Seeming disposed to linger, I ask if you would care to be shown a little more, and you accept my invitation. Connecting with the bridge is a long, straight wall inclosing a garden. Into this we pass through a heavy tall door, and after walking a pace or two we are suddenly confronted by a strange old-fashioned building, quite out of the common run.

LEVENS BRIDGE

A quaint structure indeed, enough to puzzle an adept in architecture, for it is the outcome of many periods. A square embattled tower, known by the term "Pele Tower," is the main feature; and surrounding it, blending with its sombre tints of neutral grey, is an Elizabethan manor-house, with mullioned windows and latticed panes.

Walking up the steps and opening an oak door fully six inches thick, we find ourselves in a large Hall in which all that meets the eye is suggestive of life in some bygone day. The walls are panelled with oak till they reach a frieze of intricate plaster-work which merges into a ceiling also of elaborate design: the Tudor badge of the rose and crown, the red and white roses

LEVENS HALL

of York and Lancaster, the *fleur-de-lys,* the bugle and the deer, badges of the Bellinghams, and other emblems are freely interspersed amongst the tracery. In the centre of the Hall is the wide, open fireplace with its wrought-iron backing, its dogs of copper on either side, and the old hearthstone fire of wood and peat sending forth a sparkling flame. Above are the arms of Queen Elizabeth in gilded and coloured plaster-work, and on either side hang pieces of armour, blunderbusses, swords, pikes, weapons innumerable of every date. At the west end of the Hall the panelling is of a more massive description, peculiar to the time of Henry VII. : it is clearly the old screen which was indispensable to every great hall in early times.

We now pass into the Dining-room. This, with the exception of one oak-panelled wall, is entirely decorated with most brilliant Spanish leather, the background being of burnished gold ; hence allusions in old papers to this room as the "Gilded Parlour." Over the fireplace is more handsome carved and inlaid work, bearing the date 1586, the initials J. B., and a coat-of-arms.

Through the Hall again we arrive at the Drawing-rooms. They are entirely walled in oak, each panel having a diamond pattern ; the doorways are richly carved, so are the chimney-pieces ; that in the large Drawing-room bears the date 1595. and is exceptionally beautiful in its proportions and carving.

On entering the inner room, one's attention is instantly attracted to the chimneypiece, on which the following lines are quaintly cut :

> "Thus the five sences stand portraited here,
> The elements four and seasons of the yeare.
> Samson supports the one side as in rage,
> The other Hercules in like equipage."

And these words can best explain the subject of an elaborate and somewhat grotesque piece of carving which extends from

fireplace to ceiling. In this room, as in others we have so far seen, different coats-of-arms with mottoes beneath are emblazoned in stained glass in the windows: around one is painted in Latin doggerel—

"Amicus Amico Alanus,
Belliger Belligero Bellinghamus."

It was that same Alan Bellingham who made himself the possessor of Levens in 1487.

And in order thoroughly to understand the history of this house, we should, before going another step, glance for a minute or two far back into the annals of Levens: let us rest awhile before the Hall fire, whilst I give you in as few words as possible a rough idea of the people who lived here from the earliest times.

Did you remark a certain old piece of parchment with a seal attached, which lay in a glass case in the Drawing-room? The writing is legible, and the ink is clear, but it bears the date 1190, as well as the seal of Richard I., and is the first record we have of Levens. It is a charter exempting the owner from the payment of a tax called "Nutgeld," Levens being at that time the property of Henry de Redman. He had bought it in the thirty-fourth year of Henry II. from one Ketel, a descendant of Roger de Poictou, who owned the manor at the time of the Doomsday Survey. Henry de Redman was Seneschal of Kendal, and members of his family represented Westmorland in Parliament from 1295 to 1477; their names occur frequently in the old House of Commons' rolls, and one Matthew Redman's coat-of-arms is emblazoned on a window at Westminster. Otherwise, there is little of interest to relate of their personal history.

Theirs were the days of Border troubles, when the North Country was still a land of unrest. Levens was therefore kept in a state of fortification, with fighting-men always ready to arm on

THE HALL, WITH ARMS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH OVER THE FIREPLACE

the shortest notice. We know the old Pele Tower existed at that time, as well as the outer walls of the Hall; above this Hall ceiling are the roughly hewn but ornamental rafters which formed at one time its open roof, whilst below here are the ancient basement rooms, fireplace and all, which are now only used as cellars. They are massively built, about eight feet high, and the doorways are of that construction known as "square trefoil-headed," which originated in the thirteenth century; experts have therefore come to the conclusion that the original building of this house could have been no later than the middle of the fourteenth century, and doubtless some form of manor-house existed a hundred and fifty years before.

And so we come to the occupation of Levens by Alan Bellingham. His family had lived at Burneside Hall (about eight miles distant, and now a farmhouse) since the reign of Edward I. Although he was a younger son of Sir John Bellingham, Alan appears to have been rich; furthermore, being Treasurer of Berwick, Deputy-Warden of the Marshes, and having, in the reign of Henry VII., received a grant from the King for the fourth part of the barony of Kendal, he must have been a man of some importance. But it is to his great-grandson, Sir James Bellingham, that we owe a lasting debt of gratitude, for to his consummate taste and lavish expenditure the restoration of this house is entirely due. With the exception of one wing which was added later, all that you have seen, besides every other room and corner of it, are part of his scheme; so can you wonder that the two dates we noticed of 1586 and 1595 approximately mark the beginning and completion of his labours?

The Bellinghams lived here for two hundred years. Their occupation marks an era of peace and civilisation for Levens, when a state of chronic hostility was gladly abandoned for the more congenial excitements attending recreation and sport. Let

THE DINING-ROOM, LEVENS HALL
FORMERLY CALLED THE "GILDED PARLOUR"

us imagine them in pursuit of the deer through Levens Park, and chasing the otter on the river banks ; and in this, no doubt, the results were less futile than at the present day, for Alan Bellingham alludes in his diary to "excellent sport both by land and water at Levens." The existence also of a set of bowls stamped with the Bellingham crest, gives sufficient evidence that the old bowling-green here must date back quite three hundred years. I should also tell you of an ancient custom still existing at Levens, which probably originated with the Bellinghams. From a high-class goblet called a "constable," unsuspecting strangers are sometimes cajoled into drinking a unique and bitter compound of the genus of ale ; but ere one drop may touch their lips they must stand on one leg and loudly pledge the toast, "Luck to Levens whilst the Kent flows."

Alas ! what the wisdom and industry of generations have evolved may be scattered in a day by one man's folly ; so it happened that on another of the name of Alan Bellingham, a descendant of the first, the luck of Levens descended neither on character nor fortune, and in 1685 it became imperative for him to sell the whole of his Levens estates. Tradition has generally a tinge of accuracy, yet I fancy that a local historian of the day, in describing Alan as "an ingenious but unhappy young man, who consumed a vast estate," must be responsible for the popular belief that he gambled away his property bit by bit, whilst playing repeated games of chance with a certain friend of his, one Colonel Grahme. Anyhow, it was this most wily courtier of both Charles II. and James II. who found himself eventually possessor of this place, and with his advent, Levens history takes quite a new departure, the interest consequently increasing not a little. The days of Jacobite intrigue were now at their height, when no man's life was safe for many days together : the air was rent by religious strife, every man's hand was against his

THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING OLD OAK PANELLING

neighbour for worshipping God in a different manner from himself; and prisons were overflowing with the victims of a King who fell short of very few for intolerance and fanatical tyranny.

Colonel Grahme was a firm adherent of the Stuarts, and in the thick of every Jacobite rising of the day; he had led a somewhat stormy life in his youth, and had served in the French army. Horace Walpole describes him as "a fashionable man in his day, and noted for his dry humour"; judging by other contemporary records, I believe modern slang would style him as "a bit of a dog." His wife, Dorothy Howard, was maid of honour to the Queen, Catherine of Braganza, and said by Evelyn to be "not only a great beauty, but a most virtuous and excellent creature." Portraits of them both by Sir Peter Lely hang in the Drawing-room. Grahme stood for Westmorland from 1685 to 1722; was Privy Purse to James II., and until the King's abdication was Master of the Buckhounds and Lieutenant of Windsor Forest.

Always a confidential adviser to his master, Grahme proved trusty and devoted to the end, and accompanied him in his final flight to Rochester. It was natural that at William III.'s accession some kind of retribution awaited him; but he had merely to submit to a short imprisonment, and was then released without further trial. Less fortunate in this respect were Grahme's two brothers: one of them—Fergus—was banished from England, and the other sentenced to death for his Jacobite proclivities. The exile, indeed, was pursued by repeated ill-luck; and as late as 1699 he wrote from Brussels that the Prince de Berge was "commanded by the Duke of Bavaria to order me to leave Bruxelles the next day."

And now, with characteristic caution, Colonel Grahme wisely evaded public notoriety for awhile; and, but for attending to his Parliamentary duties, spent much of his time at Levens. Needless to say, so active a mind was not permitted to lie fallow: he

MRS. BAGOT'S ROOM, LEVENS HALL

kept up his old friendships; consequently, all who favoured the Stuart cause were made welcome under his roof, and I fancy in many cases were harboured somewhat by stealth. If stones could speak, what secrets these walls might disclose, what plots of portentous importance they might reveal, could we but hear the talk of Grahme and his guests in the Gilded Parlour, as the wine flowed and the toast was renewed "To the King over the water!"

The pleasures also of letter-writing must have lightened many an hour for Grahme. When I tell you that his numerous correspondents included such notorieties as the Duke of Hamilton, Bolingbroke, Godolphin, Carlisle, Bishops Ken and Atterbury, Sir George Rooke, and William Wycherley, you may judge whether their nature was treasonable. In fact, they are nearly all pervaded by a spirit of suppressed hostility; hardly a line or sentence that is not bristling with sedition, intrigue, and exasperation. These interesting papers are all locked up in a room in the Pele Tower; and thither, if it please you, we will now turn our steps.

Passing through another pointed doorway, we go straight into the Tower, and climb up its narrow spiral staircase, cautiously evading the projecting stone steps which threaten to knock our heads. We find only a few picturesquely panelled rooms, whose rough, uneven boards, levelled only by the adze, bear witness to their extreme age. The deed-room contains a number of boxes closely packed with manuscripts. Here are Grahme's various commissions, civil and military; one is signed by Charles II., another by Prince Rupert, and another by Louis XIV. This is a letter written to Dorothy Grahme by Sir Stephen Fox, when her husband and the King fled to Rochester.

"WHITEHALL, *December* 18*th.* 1688.

"Your husband went with the King to Rochester this morning,

and he told me that he had not time to write. About one o'clock this morning, the Marquess of Halifax, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and Lord Delamore came to the King from the Prince of Orange, and told him that the Prince desired him to remove to Ham. The King chose Rochester rather, whereupon their Lordships returned about nine o'clock with leave that it might be Rochester. About eleven o'clock the King went in his barges for Gravesend, whither his coaches were sent before. He was attended by three Lords of the Bedchamber, and a physician, and several others, besides your husband, and a convenient number of household servants, and, at his own desire, a hundred of the Prince's footguards and sixty horse. He is not under any restraint. The Prince arrived at St. James's about three o'clock, resorted to by all who can get in. I was by command left here, extremely troubled for the circumstances of my master. I hope for a happy Parliament. I wish you and Lady Silvius here, as the safest place, for the rabble is quiet in this city. It is said that they are terrible in many countries."

CHIMNEYPIECE IN DRAWING-ROOM

We have one very precious document: it is in James II.'s

own handwriting, giving in full his various reasons for leaving the country. Grahme has endorsed it himself, "King's reasons from Rochester," and it is printed in Echard's *History of England.* Three letters from James II., on the same date, but not in his handwriting, are worth looking at. One is addressed to Chaffinch, and directs him to give Grahme his plate and "antiches" watch, three strong boxes, and the other plate belonging to the little chapel below stairs at St. James's. The others are written with an eye to business. He says to Sir Benjamin Bathurst:

"I have ordered James Grahme to consult with you about securing my shares in the East India and Guinea Companies."

Look also at this letter to Grahme from James II., in a disguised hand. It is docketed, "Mr. Banks' first letter after his going to Oxford"; Mr. Banks being the King, and Oxford meaning France.

"Boulogne, *January 4th,* 1689.

"I arrived safe here this day, and have but little to say to you at present, but that I am going on to Paris, from whence you shall heare from me when I arrive there. In the meanetyme go to my corrispondent that payd you some mony upon my account, and put him in mind of putting the rest of the mony I bad him put into your hands, that you may returne that, and what you had of myne in your hands, to me as soon as you can, I having present occasion for it, and pray remember me to your friend with whom I was to have been if I had stayed. Lett me know a little newse."

A considerable number of the letters are written in cipher, but many are easy to interpret, as we possess the original key. Tattered and worn to the last degree, it is partly in Lord Middleton's handwriting and partly in Colonel Grahme's, who labels it

THE "YELLOW ROOM," LEVENS HALL

thus: "My Oxford Cipher." I need only show you one example of these letters.

"*June ye 3rd.*

"Mr. Chapman's [*i.e.*, Colonel Grahme's] note was shewed to Mr. Banks [King James], who assures you of his friendshipe. When you goe out o' town he would be glad if you could leave some directions about transmitting the accounts mentioned. There will be no need of sending E W Q Z H Q Q H A I [Sir John Narborough, Commissioner of the Navy] except they relate to y^e^ F C P N G A W Q Q I [Dutch Warrs]. None can love you more than 10 [Middleton]."

Other aliases applied to King James throughout this correspondence are, "Your Lawyer," "19," and "The Knight." Colonel Grahme is alluded to as "Sir Humphrey Pallsworth," "Sir Paull," "Mr. Partridge," and "Chapman"; Turner, the deprived Bishop of Ely, as "Sir Jasper"; David MacAdam, a notorious intriguer, as "Jo Brown"; King Louis XIV., as "13"; King William as "17," and so on. Alas! the "Grand Master of the Jerkers," "the coffee woman," "the Thracian" (possibly Kettleby), "Lord what-d'ee-call-him," and several others, must ever remain creatures of mystery, for the cipher key does not disclose their identity. When the key is present, cipher language is all very well, but it must be remembered that two hundred years ago slang was even more indulged in than at the present day. What, then, can be made of such letters as this from Lord Gower to Grahme?

"The Cracovian peer pretends to great information, and assures us that Augustin's measures will not hinder Stanislaus from having all his friends about him. Lord Shatterino has left my Lady to treat all the tradesmen, and being a man of method has committed to writing every day's bill of fare, and the

THE SERVANT'S HALL, LEVENS HALL

company for it. The Butcher, the Baker and the Fruit woman dined to-day, and the Chandler, Shoo-maker and another to-morrow."

One also, from Lord Bolingbroke, might easily be misunderstood in parts; but when he remarks "The Queen is well, though the Whigs give out that she is a percher," we know that no disrespect was intended, "percher" being at that time the slang for "being in a dying condition."

Metcalfe Grahme, nephew to Colonel Grahme, served at one time as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, and fought at Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet. Picture Colonel Grahme's pride and satisfaction, and what exciting memories such descriptions as these must have revived of his own past exploits. Metcalfe writes from Blenheim:

"After a hot despute we have obtained an entire victory. We have taken twenty-seven battalions of foot, and twelve squadrons of dragoons besides other prisoners. The French are weaker by this battle by 30,000 men."

Here is his account of Ramillies:

"Our successes are beyond imagination. A large country has fallen to us in consequence of one battle. Never was victory more easily got, or better followed. They stayed not long enough to make the slaughter great, but the closeness of the pursuit has made amends. . . . The marshal retired with so much precipitation that he left all his sick and wounded, 120 cannon, 40 mortars, 4000 barrels of powder, 15,000 sacks of corn and other provisions for four months. . . . My Lord is very civil, but it is hard to make one's fortune by so cowardly an enemy, for we have no vacancies made by the battle in the English horse."

After Malplaquet, Metcalfe had little time for letter-writing. He was obliged to put spurs to his horse and make for England

THE GARDENS, LEVENS HALL

with utmost speed, for to his care were entrusted the despatches announcing the victory. Amongst them was a letter to Godolphin, then High Treasurer, from Marlborough, who wrote :

"I have not strength to do anything but that of letting you know we have had this day a very murdering battle. . . . Mr. Grahme, the bearer, is a very brave young man, and one of my aides-de-camp. He will give you an account of the action."

I only wish there was time to show you the number of other interesting letters locked up here, but we must hasten on through the rest of the house, or we shall see nothing of the garden.

From room to room we wander, commenting on the stamped leather, the tapestry, or panelling that adorn each one. I will point you out where Bishop Ken slept whilst Grahme's guest ; also the Servants' Hall, panelled in oak, and the old kitchen with its dresser still glittering with the pewter dishes and plates that were used at Grahme's table.

And so we turn into the garden. This seems indeed a case of Nature collaborating with man in the creation of a work of great perfection ; when one, after infinite labour, pauses to gaze on his inspiration of form and colour, the other by adding warmth and rain and sunshine crowns his efforts and surpasses human expectation with amazing results. So rare a combination of peculiar beauty, intermingled with a certain grotesque charm, rarely leaves the stranger quite unmoved, for the garden seems fairly bewitched. Great fantastic forms cut in yew and scattered about at intervals rise before us as far as the eye can see ; here a peacock, there an archway, now a huge umbrella, a lion and crown, a colossal helmet ; these and sundry creatures of marvellous proportions, separated in some cases by little trailing branches of roses, stand out in their deep-green foliage erect and

VIEW OF THE HALL FROM THE GARDENS

clear against the blue September sky. And what a glorious carpet lies beneath them, luxuriant, fragrant, and gorgeous as Nature only can paint it! Pansy, fuchsia, marguerite, lily, salvia, bergamot, pink, they grow side by side in apparently artless profusion, whilst the soft autumn breeze gently sways them together, a living mass of brilliancy. Large pots filled with flowers are dotted about, shrubs of barbary are glowing in the distance, whilst purple clematis, jasmine, and creeping nasturtiums clamber up the old house, and pertly attempt an entrance at the windows. Walking amongst the gay flowers in and out of the beds, we pass on thence through the rest of the garden, where high beech or yew or holly hedges encompass us on either side. Past the yew arbour, shaped like a judge's wig, with a curious portrait of Grahme hanging amongst the branches; past the old sun-dial; treading all the while on soft green turf walks, with avenues of old apple-trees and little low hedgerows of York and Lancaster roses growing freely beneath. And so we reach the great square bowling-green, where men and women still take their pleasure on the ground where former generations have delighted to play; then we are pacing the long terraced walk, with its varied border and tall background, in which hollyhocks, sunflowers, sweet-pea clumps, scarlet dahlias, marigolds, and masses of creepers form important features, and fairly hide the grey stone walls that skirt the garden. At last I see you pause in bewilderment over some weird, contorted figures of box, which form a complete circle round a small rose garden. Are they fish, flesh, or fowl? Neither. It is Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour these quaint little bushes are striving to imitate; this one, see, has a ruff and crown; uncover and bend to the Virgin Queen!

Colonel Grahme is the maker of Levens Garden. Desiring in his turn to leave some mark, he obtained the assistance of the

gardener at Hampton Court, Beaumont by name, and under his superintendence all that you see was planned and laid out. No doubt, like other Elizabethan mansions of the period, Levens had already its pleasance and formal garden and bowling-green; but "topiary" work was hitherto an unknown art to English gardeners. Describing the reaction in taste which took place in gardening during the early years of George III.'s reign, Lord Stanhope writes in his *History of England:*

"So complete has it proved, that at present throughout the whole of England there remains perhaps scarcely more than one private garden presenting in all its parts an entire and true sample of the old designs: this is at the fine old seat of Levens, near Kendal. There, along a wide extent of terraced walks and walls, eagles of holly and peacocks of yew still find with each returning summer their wings clipped and their talons pared. There a stately monument of the old promenoirs—such as the Frenchmen taught our fathers, rather, I should say, to build than plant—along which, in days of old, stalked the gentlemen with periwigs and swords, the ladies in hoops and furbelows, may still to this day be seen."

Ah! my friend, I might chatter on for hours about this garden, and I might relate stories of Colonel Grahme and his descendants, I might unearth mysteries and dig up forgotten scandals connected with his troubled times, and I might make him out in truth little better than his contemporaries. And why need I make him any worse? Rather let the garden he made and loved be the only lasting witness of the man's life and tastes; let his memory remain unsullied amid the sweetness of such surroundings. They form a stainless monument which many may envy and none can destroy; and these flowers, with their dear faces upturned, shall be left, humble supplicants that Heaven's mercy may fall on him, as well as on us.

Here we have arrived at the same big gateway we first entered: on the opposite side of the road the Park is stretched out in the distance. Its beauties bid fair to equal house and garden: oak avenues run along it from end to end, deer lie scattered about the bracken; the Kent, with banks o'erhung by trees of changing foliage, winds in and out of the valley. Ramble about if you will at your leisure, or else proceed on your journey, for I, alas! must leave you! And so we turn our backs the one on the other, both going forth to explore a different world, a rough and uneven path in store for each; but if in the unknown future we meet not at Levens, our shadows may yet cross and recross again.

Who can tell?

Mount Edgcumbe

THE EAST FRONT OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE HOUSE

MOUNT EDGCUMBE

BY LADY ERNESTINE EDGCUMBE

PERHAPS there are few among the "stately homes" of England more widely known than that of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. This arises, not only from its own beauty, but from the fact that it is situated close to one of the chief naval ports of the kingdom. The wooded peninsula called Mount Edgcumbe forms the western side of far-famed Plymouth Sound, and the largest man-of-war when entering Hamoaze (the inner harbour where are the Royal Dockyards) must pass within a stone's throw of the gardens.

The first sight that greets the sailor returning from a three years' commission spent, perhaps, on the "West Coast," or of the soldier returning from India, is this peninsula, woods crowning its steep red cliffs, the trees growing down so close to the water's edge that they almost dip their boughs into the blue waves (for they *are* blue), and the deer-park with its hills and

valleys diversified by clumps of pinasters and Scotch firs, and old thorn trees in blossom, or, if the season be autumn, the bracken glowing red and gold in the sunshine.

Of late years, too, when many great ocean steamers call at Plymouth, Mount Edgcumbe must have dwelt in the recollections of many as their last vision of the Old England they have left "it may be for years and it may be for ever"—or gladdened the returning emigrant or Cornish miner whom fortune has favoured or who has come to the conclusion that a struggle at home is preferable to speculative wealth in exile.

From a ship's deck the fallow deer can be seen, dotted over the short turf, and, with a good glass, even the multitudinous rabbits can be discerned—a sight which must have aroused the sporting instincts of generations of middies. And, talking of middies, it is to be hoped that they have forgiven the notice which a former Lord Mount Edgcumbe is said to have had placed at the lodge in retaliation for some youthful escapade: "No admission for dogs or midshipmen"!

The deer-park existed long before the house, and dates from the reign of Henry VIII., when Sir Piers Edgcumbe obtained a royal licence to empark it. There is an old map of that date, reproduced by Lysons, showing an empty space inclosed by a gigantic fence, but containing no building. Lord Mount Edgcumbe traces his descent and derives his second title from the Valletorts of Trematon Castle, who were lords of the manor at the time of the Domesday Survey, and from whom the district round Mount Edgcumbe still retains the general name of the Tithing of Valtershome. From them it passed, by marriage or inheritance, successively to families named Stonehouse, Bigbury, and Durnford. West Stonehouse was the name of an adjoining village which was destroyed by the French in the fourteenth century, while East Stonehouse still flourishes on the opposite

IN THE ITALIAN GARDEN, MOUNT EDGCUMBE

side of the estuary as one of the "Three Towns," being situated between Plymouth and Devonport.

Sir Piers Edgcumbe, made Knight of the Bath by Henry VII. in 1489, and Knight Banneret at the battle of the Spurs in 1513, by his marriage with Joan, daughter and heir of James Durnford of East Stonehouse, acquired the estates of his wife's family on both sides of the Tamar; and his son, Sir Richard, knighted in 1537, began to build Mount Edgcumbe House in the first year of Queen Mary (1553), exactly two hundred years after the older residence, Cotehele, came into the family on the marriage of William Edgcumbe with Hilaria, the heiress.

Travellers visiting the place must cross the water by ferry from Stonehouse to Cremyll Beach, close to the lodge, from which a broad grassy slope leads straight up to the house. Not many years ago a fine double avenue of elms flanked the approach, but successive storms have nearly demolished it, and not many veterans survive. Their youthful successors, however, chiefly Spanish chestnuts, have grown with surprising quickness, and are beginning to replace them.

The Lower Gardens, on the left of the entrance lodge, appear to have existed from very early times. A collection of water-colour drawings, by Badeslade (1737), shows the "wilderness" planted with clipped hedges of laurel and ilex, displaying vistas and inclosing smooth lawns on which gaily dressed lords and ladies disport themselves with music, dancing, flirting, and fencing, or enjoy open-air refections attended by negro servants. In one is represented the still existing centre part of a Garden House, to which the second Earl added wings with sitting-rooms, where he and his daughter Emma, afterwards Countess Brownlow, spent much of their time, entertained visitors, and transacted business.

This is in the "English" garden—scarcely well named, as

almost all the vegetation is foreign or even tropical. Here are palms *(Chamæropes)* thirty feet high, great trees of Magnolia grandiflora, which flower abundantly, cork trees, bamboos, and a splendid cedar of Lebanon; while camellias, Mediterranean heath, and other flowering shrubs ornament the wide spaces of turf.

Close to this is the "French" garden, more primly laid out with flower-beds, gravel paths, arbours, and trellis-work surrounding a fountain; the old hedges inclosing it having now grown into huge ilex trees, one of which is of remarkable circumference and height.

The "Italian" garden is celebrated for its numerous and splendid orange trees, said to be—and probably with truth—the finest in England, and even superior to those in the gardens of the Tuileries. Be this as it may, they are certainly magnificent specimens, and some of the trees must be more than a hundred and fifty years old, having been brought from Constantinople by Richard, second Lord Edgcumbe, when, as a very young man, he was sent on his travels to keep him out of mischief. They are remarkably healthy, and, in due season, are white with blossom or golden with fruit. In the winter they find refuge in the orangery, a fine building erected in the last century from the designs of Lord Camelford of Bocconnoc. Spacious as was the orangery, it had to be considerably enlarged some years ago, and the trees continue to outgrow it. The handsome marble fountain in the middle of this garden was a present from Lord Bessborough to Richard, second Earl, to whom, as well as to his daughter Emma, he had stood godfather.

At a point facing the entrance of the harbour is a battery and a small blockhouse, which, with a similar one on the opposite side of the Narrows, was built in anticipation of the Spanish Armada. Doubtless they would have given Medina Sidonia a

THE ITALIAN GARDEN, SHOWING SOME OF THE FAMOUS ORANGE TREES

warm reception had he tried to carry out his proposal to annex Mount Edgcumbe. Should there be any truth in this oft-repeated story, it is probable that the Spanish commander (whose view of the place must have been both distant and hasty during his hurried passage up Channel) was Sir Richard's guest when, after the arrival of Philip II. in 1554, the good knight entertained the admirals of France, Spain, and Flanders, and that then and there Sidonia resolved that his host's fair domain should be his perquisite when England was conquered. Richard Carew, writing in 1602, describes the blockhouse as "planted with ordnance," which "with their base voices" greeted "such guests as visited the house"; but if it ever fired a round-shot it must have been directed at its twin over the way, when Plymouth fought for the Parliament and Mount Edgcumbe for King Charles.

The present battery was renovated by the first Earl when Port Admiral, and remounted with twenty-one guns, taken out of a French frigate. On these guns may still be seen an anchor, surmounted by the cap of liberty, and "R. F. An II^me Ruelle." Their "base voices" have constantly been called into requisition, as appears from a curious manuscript book containing a register of salutes fired. Every guest received salutes on "landing" and "going off," and the number of guns was regulated by their rank. A prince received twenty-one guns, a duke or archbishop nineteen, a bishop or earl fifteen, while a foreign nobleman is credited with fifteen, and an esquire with eleven. Fifteen guns regularly commemorated the anniversary of the "Popish Conspiracy," and forty-two that of the King's accession. The entries for one year (1767) record the discharge of no less than 345 rounds!

This noisy hospitality has ceased, but the old guns still testify to their owner's loyalty on her Majesty's birthday or the landing of any royal personage.

BARN POOL, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE LOWER GARDENS

Some thirty years ago a casemated fort was built here, and the private battery was mounted on its terraced roof, the old blockhouse thereby losing sight of the sea for ever. No more charming spot on which to spend an hour on a summer's evening could be found. On the right some yacht or warship sleeps at her moorings on the deep waters of the small bay called Barn Pool, which reflect the rocks of Raven's Nest and the hanging woods, crowned by the "Ruin," which, though constructed at a time when ruins were fashionable, from the remains of a fallen obelisk and some old granite-work, is now of respectable antiquity, and forms a conspicuous and picturesque object in the landscape. On the left is the busy harbour, the massive walls and green copper roofs of the Victualling Yard, Mount Wise, and Devonport; while in front is the whole expanse of Plymouth Sound, the Breakwater, with a squadron of Queen's ships at anchor inside it, and countless merchantmen and steamers at rest or in motion; Staddon Heights, crested by a great fortification, and dotted with the white tents of some camp of instruction; and Drake's Island, between which and the mainland lies a fleet of yachts, while beyond it the grey mass of the old Citadel and the Hoe recall ancient glories. The whole scene is enlivened by constant movement: if you are fortunate, a great battleship—perhaps the *Magnificent*—may pass majestically in or out, within easy hailing distance, or a torpedo boat flash past at lightning speed; excursion steamers, gay with bunting and crowded with "trippers," hurry by, the sound of their noisy bands mellowed by the intervening water; the boys' training brigs, with all sail set, creep across the Sound, endeavouring to reach their anchorage for the night before the breeze has completely died away, and envying the racing yachts, down to the little half-raters, whose great sails seem to waft them along over the tide without a breath of air.

THE OLD HALL OR SALOON, MOUNT EDGCUMBE HOUSE

Then there are red-sailed Plymouth trawlers or Mount's Bay luggers drifting on as best they can, and boats—boats without end! Racing cutters from the training ships, practising for the Regatta, their eager coxswains bending themselves double to each stroke of the oars; officers of the garrison in canoes or four-oared gigs; men and boys, women and girls, sailing, rowing, splashing, laughing, and talking as only West-country folk *can* talk,—the whole population seems to have taken to the water!

And young Tommy Atkins, freshly recruited from some Midland village, even he must be aquatic; and certainly a special Providence watches over him. In his red jacket, which contrasts brilliantly with his green boat (for he generally hires a green boat), he stands up, jumps about, playfully rocks from side to side, hoists a sail, makes the sheet fast and sits on the lee gunwale—in short, does everything in the world to drown himself; but, happily, accidents are rare, and he adds greatly to the gaiety of the scene.

But we have lingered too long in the gardens, and must now walk up the hill to the house. The oldest part consists of the central Hall and four flanking towers. To this successive generations have made additions, always increasing it in length rather than in width, as it stands on a somewhat narrow platform, at the back of which the hill rises abruptly; and this length makes the house appear larger than it is. None of the rooms are of great size; but the old Hall, or Saloon, is very lofty, and an admirable music-room. The Drawing-room, or "Gallery," occupies the whole ground floor of the east front, has a lovely view over part of the Sound, and is a very bright and charming room. The Library, separated from the Saloon by the Billiard-room, is large and well proportioned: it was built by George, first Earl; and his son added the Dining-room, ingeniously fitting it into a limited space, which obliged him to make it oval. The effect is unusual

and good. On the walls hang family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, and Mascall, going back in unbroken succession to Colonel Piers Edgcumbe of the Civil Wars.

The house has no pretensions to magnificence, nor has it any great beauty or regularity of design ; yet it is a dignified and very "livable" home, not unworthy of its situation and surroundings. The old arched granite entrance doorway, however, deserves special mention, being a fine specimen of sixteenth-century architecture.

Among the portraits mentioned, three generations are by Reynolds, who was often a guest at the house. As a boy of twelve he and the artistic young "Dick," afterwards second Lord Edgcumbe, painted a clever portrait of Parson Smart, Vicar of Maker, in Cremyll Boathouse on a piece of sailcloth. In 1749, Lord Edgcumbe introduced him to Commodore Keppel, who gave him a passage to Italy in the *Centurion,* thus enabling him to study in Rome, where he purchased the fine marble busts of Roman Emperors now in the Saloon. Sir Joshua's receipt for the payment of the expenses he incurred is preserved.

The family being staunch adherents of the Stuarts suffered much for their loyalty. The Parliamentarians, during the siege of Plymouth, unsuccessfully assaulted the house, May 1, 1644, and two summonses for its surrender are extant, one signed by Lord Warwick ; but it held out until May, 1645, after which comes a long record of sequestrations and imprisonments inflicted on Colonel Edgcumbe by Cromwell.

The "Upper Garden" above the house contains many beautiful flowering trees and shrubs, and is charming, though shorn by the blizzard of its chief glory,—a grand group of cedars,—while the parterres on the east front (formerly the Bowling-green), embellished with statues and two picturesque stone pines, make a bright foreground to the view over the Sound.

THE DRAWING-ROOM OR "GALLERY," MOUNT EDGCUMBE HOUSE

From the house a terraced drive, two miles long, is carried round the side of the hill. Passing through a wood, called the "Amphitheatre" from its shape, it emerges into the park above the "Ruin," and enters what was the "Beech Wood" until the blizzard destroyed it. The "Blizzard in the West," that celebrated storm of March, 1891, an easterly hurricane combined with a snowfall of unexampled severity, is a kind of era in Devon and Cornwall, and events are dated from it as having occurred previously or subsequently. The spectacle afforded by this particular wood was extraordinary: hundreds of great beeches lay prostrate *up* the hill, their enormous roots upreared, with earth and stones adhering to them; and weeks elapsed before the roads could be made passable.

Leaving the Deer-park by another gate, the drive now takes the name of "South Terrace," and, in wintry weather, transports one into Italy. No cold blasts touch this favoured spot, which for nearly a mile is planted with evergreen trees and shrubs from the crown of the hill to the verge of the cliff.

Here the road winds past *walls* of laurel, laurestinus, and arbutus, the sea sparkles through the pine branches, and the sunlight gleams on polished camellia leaves and brightens the duller-hued foliage of the cork, ilex, or Benthamia. Then, by a sudden transition, it passes into a grove of giant pinasters, and, re-entering the Deer-park, ascends the hill to Maker Church.

Space forbids a description of the delightful "zigzag" paths above and beneath the Terrace, but Picklecombe Fort, on the cliff below it, must be mentioned: strengthened and modernised since its erection in 1848, it defends the entrance to Plymouth Sound with its forty large guns in casemates. Indeed, both park and outlying woods bristle with fortifications, and the ode written last century by the parish clerk,—

VIEW OF PLYMOUTH AND DRAKE'S ISLAND

"Mount Edgcumbe is a pleasant place,
It looketh on Hamoaze,
And on it are some batteries
To guard us from our foes,"—

is truer than ever.

The church of Maker (the name of the parish) is chiefly *temp.* Henry VII., and is distinguished for its fine tower, which can be seen for miles round, formerly a signalling station, and still a noted sailing mark. It is outside the upper lodge gate, beyond which are drives through the fishing villages of Kingsand and Cawsand, round Penlee Point, Rame Head, and the grand sweep of Whitsand Bay.

Among the traditions connected with the church is that of the Lady Mount Edgcumbe who was interred when in a trance, and being roused by the sexton trying to steal her ring, rose up, walked home, and survived many years.

The time when wrestling matches used to attract country people from far and near to Maker Church Green is long past; but those now living can remember an episode of the old smuggling days, when the vicar, having taken the rural dean to the top of the tower, espied twenty-three kegs safely lodged in the gutter between the church roofs! Of course they looked the other way, and it is said that next morning there was a keg at the vicarage door! From the church there is a grass drive round the top of the park,—a tempting place for a gallop, and equally pleasant for the rabbit shooter, or the admirer of English park scenery backed by the wide ocean.

At the south-eastern point, overlooking the "Terrace," is the "Kiosk," a summer-house commanding a splendid view, and always resorted to when any movements of the fleet are anticipated, or friends arrive and depart by "Orient" or "P. & O." Many a greeting and farewell have been waved from its

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM THE DEER-PARK

windows. Visitors are generally shown this first, as the unexpected sight of such a view and the position of the Kiosk on the verge of the evergreen-clothed hill descending precipitously to the sea is striking.

The panorama from the top of the park embraces, on the south and east, Cawsand Bay, where the fleet lay before the Breakwater was built, sheltered by Penlee Point; the Eddystone, like a needle's point on the horizon; the "Mewstone" rock-islet, and the receding headlands of Devon; the Breakwater and Sound, with the forts and cliffs of Staddon. On the north and west, Plymouth and Devonport are fair to see, with their numerous monuments and towers (though perhaps, as in other cases, "distance lends enchantment to the view"), backed by the blue Dartmoor tors, the dockyard and the harbour, extending to the double arch of the Royal Albert railway bridge where it spans the broad Tamar; and then more blue hills show where the Cornish moors join with Dartmoor and continue the wild range of highland westward, forming the backbone of Cornwall.

As we look at the crowded Hamoaze it is with a feeling of pride, not unmixed with sentimental regret, that we now see it filled with mighty ironclads, twenty-knot cruisers, and lines of torpedo-destroyers, replacing the brave old wooden walls, most of which have now passed away, together with their prizes—such as the *San Josef, Foudroyant,* and others well remembered by those who have only attained to middle age. The training-ship and the gunnery-ship are about the only old line-of-battle ships left, and the *Implacable* and *Conquistador* the sole remaining trophies of the glorious old wars.

Many thrilling yarns could doubtless be spun of these old warriors; and, in describing the view over the Sound, attention should have been called to a small black speck under the opposite heights, now a mastless hospital hulk, but once a smart frigate,

THE HAMOAZE, FROM THE PARK

the *Pique,* navigated home from North America by the late Admiral Rous without a rudder, and with a rock jammed into the hole it had made in her hull, which fell out into the dry dock when it lost the support of the surrounding water.

If the sights we have attempted to describe are exceptional in a country retreat, the sounds are not less so; but they serve to enliven, not to disturb its inmates, who scarcely notice the boom of the morning gun, the bugles sounding the reveille, or even that the foreign man-of-war, arrived overnight, has exchanged salutes at 8 A. M. with the Citadel and Port Admiral. Nor is the sound other than pleasing of the bands on board ship and in barracks playing a quickstep at morning parade. Later in the day a distant roar may proclaim that the guns at Picklecombe, or on board a gunboat out at sea, are firing at a target; a ship coming through the Narrows gives unearthly shrieks with her syren, or a mail boat sounds her whistle to summon the tender which is to take off her passengers.

And close by, in the harbour, the throb, rattle, and thumping of the steam dredgers remind one of how actively the accommodation for ships is being increased; and in a neighbouring field the voices of the quartermasters are heard, a mile off, drilling the sailor boys.

But now, this long digression ended, the house must be returned to by a road above the Amphitheatre, and this account of a place often mentioned and praised by abler pens must be brought to a close. But first it may be interesting to allude to the number of persons of historic interest who have, in different generations, been guests at Mount Edgcumbe.

One of the earliest records of a royal visit is that of Cosimo de' Medici, Prince of Modena, whom Sir Richard entertained on his way to the Court of Charles II. The Saluting Book (which only refers to two or three years) mentions—among many others

VIEW FROM THE FRONT DOOR ON A "PUBLIC" DAY

—the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, Princess Amelia, the "Marquess Caraccioli," General Paoli, and Mr. and Mrs. Garrick.

In 1781, George III. and Queen Charlotte (attended by Miss Burney) came from Saltram, which had been lent them by Lord Boringdon, and dined in the Saloon, the largest room then existing, the decorations of which date from the first Lord Edgcumbe, who also planted the "Terrace," and has justly earned the gratitude of his descendants.

William IV. and Queen Adelaide stayed at Mount Edgcumbe before their accession; and our gracious Queen has more than once honoured it by her presence, as have the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg during the three years when his Royal Highness was Commander-in-chief in the West, and other members of the Royal Family.

Amélie, Queen of the French, when residing at Kitley used to visit the place with the Duchesse d'Orléans and the young Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres; and the lamented Emperor Frederick, when Crown Prince, the Crown Princess, and their sons have more than once done so. The last occasion on which they came together was after the close of the Franco-German War; and, by a singular coincidence, the deposed Emperor Napoleon III., with the Prince Imperial, had come from Torquay to luncheon two days before.

The Empress of Austria, the King of Sweden, many other royal personages, and a host of distinguished visitors might be named—such as the Walpoles, Pitt, Nelson, and others—but they would take too long to enumerate. Had a "guest book" been kept it would be a history in itself; but, until latterly, this has unfortunately not been done. When, further, we think of the many naval and military officers who have passed through the doors of the house since the days of Sir Francis Drake, and

of the fact that the grounds have always been thrown open to the public on one day in the week, we may certainly say that Mount Edgcumbe must be among the best-known country places in England.

Cremyll Passage, to which we must now return, can be very rough indeed, and many of the illustrious visitors of former days must have thought their enjoyment dearly bought by their sufferings in an open boat in wet and stormy weather. Perhaps now the departing guest may consider that the comfortable steam launch which conveys him across compensates him for the obsolete honour of a salute from the Mount Edgcumbe Garden Battery "on going off."

Wilton House

WILTON HOUSE, THE ENTRANCE GATES

WILTON HOUSE

BY THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

WILTON HOUSE stands upon the site of the old Abbey, which, with the surrounding estates, was granted by Henry VIII., soon after the dissolution of the monasteries in 1539, to William, first Earl of Pembroke. The Abbey having been pulled down, the house was rebuilt and completed during the reign of Edward VI. from the designs of Hans Holbein. Of this building only the centre of the east front remains, the greater portion having been destroyed, presumably, by the fire which took place during the life of Philip, fourth Earl. This nobleman rebuilt the house from designs by Inigo Jones, who, being ill at the time, deputed Solomon (or Isaac) de Caux to execute the work. The south front, and all the east front, except the centre portion of Holbein's design, now stand as a monument of Inigo Jones's work.

At the end of the last century the north and west fronts were "mangled" and rebuilt by James Wyatt.

The house contains portraits of nearly every one of the successive Earls of Pembroke.

That of William, first Earl, by Hans Holbein, a full-length portrait, hangs in the Library. He was born in 1506, and was described by Aubrey as "a mad fighting young fellow" in his youth. He distinguished himself greatly as a soldier during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Edward VI. by quelling disturbances in Wales and the West Country ; and having been created Earl of Pembroke by the last-named King in 1551, he further added to his military reputation by his defeat of the French at the battle of St. Quentin, in 1557, and his own armour and that of his illustrious prisoners adorn the entrance hall at the present time. He was one of the most powerful noblemen throughout the reign of Mary, and during that of Elizabeth, and died in 1570. He had married Anne Parr, sister of Katherine Parr, sixth wife of Henry VIII., and was succeeded by his son,

Henry, second Earl, of whom there is unfortunately no portrait at Wilton. who married Mary Sidney, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, who was a constant guest at Wilton, where the avenue under the trees of which he composed his *Arcadia* still remains. He died in 1601, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

William, third Earl, the patron of William Shakespeare, to whom the latter is supposed to have dedicated his sonnets. A full-length portrait of this Earl, by Van Dyck, hangs in the Double Cube Room ; and a small painting of the same Earl on a panel, purchased by the present owner of Wilton, has, pasted on the back of it, an old parchment, on which is written the lines of Shakespeare which were believed to have been addressed to him,—

> "Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
> Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;

THE WEST FRONT OF WILTON HOUSE

THE "DOUBLE CUBE" ROOM, WILTON HOUSE

And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men,"

and below, the following words: "William, Earl Pembroke, died suddenly April 10, 1630. When his body was opened in order

THE "HOLBEIN" FRONT OF WILTON HOUSE

to be embalmed, he was observed (on the incision being made) *to lift up his hand.* This circumstance may be depended upon as fact, having been related by a member of the family, and was considered by the faculty to afford strong presumptive evidence that the distemper of which he died was *apoplexy.*" He was Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward to Charles I., and married a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but, dying in 1630 without issue living, he was succeeded by his brother,

Philip, fourth Earl, who had been already created Earl of

THE CORNER ROOM, WILTON HOUSE

Montgomery. He was Lord Chamberlain to Charles I., and forms the central figure of Van Dyck's celebrated picture of the Herbert family, which fills the whole of one end of the Double Cube Room, and which is the largest picture that that artist ever painted. This was the Earl in whose time a great portion of the house was destroyed by fire (which event he refers to in his speech in the House of Lords, when attainted for high treason)

THE GREAT VAN DYCK IN THE "DOUBLE CUBE" ROOM

and who employed Inigo Jones to rebuild it. He died in 1649; and, his eldest son having died of smallpox a short time after his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, he was succeeded by his next son,

Philip, fifth Earl, whose portrait, in addition to appearing in the big picture above mentioned, was painted by Van Dyck, and is hung in the ante-room to the Double Cube. He married (1st) Penelope, widow of Viscount Banning, by whom he had one son, William, who succeeded him; and (2d) Catherine Villiers, by whom he had two sons, Philip and Thomas. He died in 1669, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

THE "SINGLE CUBE" ROOM, WILTON HOUSE

William, sixth Earl, who died unmarried in 1674, who again was succeeded by his half-brother,

Philip, seventh Earl, who married Henrietta de Queroualle, but also died in 1683 without male issue, and was succeeded by his only brother,

Thomas, eighth Earl, whose portrait by Wissing hangs in the Single Cube Room. This Earl occupied many high positions in the state, including that of Lord High Admiral; and it is remarkable that he carried the "sword of state" in three successive coronations— viz., those of Anne, George I., and George II. Amid his multifarious public duties he found time to amass the great collection of antique statues, busts, and sculptures which now stand in the cloisters, and also the greater part of the collection of pictures which adorn the walls of the various state rooms. He died in 1733, and was succeeded by his eldest son (by his first marriage with Margaret Sawyer of Highclere),

Henry, ninth Earl, whose portrait by Kneller hangs in the Single Cube Room. He married Mary, daughter of Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam of Mount Merrion, County Dublin, and, dying in 1751, was succeeded by his son,

Henry, tenth Earl, who was a celebrated cavalry officer, and was the author of the book entitled *Military Equitation.* He established riding-schools at both his London and Wiltshire residences, and was a great patron and supporter of the "*Haute École.*" Portraits of himself, and of his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, hang in the Library and in the ante-room. He died in 1794, and was succeeded by his only son,

George Augustus, eleventh Earl, who served with the army in the Low Countries when Lord Herbert, and was subsequently, after his succession, appointed Ambassador at Vienna. He married (1st) Elizabeth, daughter of Topham Beauclerk; and

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "SINGLE CUBE" ROOM

(2d) Catherine, daughter of Count Worenzow, and, dying in 1827, was succeeded by his eldest son by his first marriage,

Robert, twelfth Earl, who lived entirely abroad, and handed over the management of his Wiltshire estates to his half-brother, Sidney Herbert, afterwards created Lord Herbert of Lea.

THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE, OVER THE RIVER NADDER

The beautiful grounds, which contain more than seventy acres of mown lawn, were laid out by the eleventh Earl's second wife, *née* Worenzow, at the beginning of the present century, and are universally admitted to be a triumph in landscape-gardening. The river Nadder runs past the south front of the house, dividing the grounds from the Park, and is crossed by the famous Palladian Bridge.

Scattered about the gardens are several pavilions, three of which are deserving of notice. Holbein's Porch, which once formed part of the old portion of the house, and was designed by that artist, formerly stood within the quadrangle, and formed the

THE COLONNADE ROOM, WILTON HOUSE

main entrance, but was removed by James Wyatt when he altered the north side of the house, and transformed the main entrance from the east to the north side.

What is now used as the Park School, but was formerly called "The Grotto," shows a beautifully designed façade by Inigo Jones, containing very finely carved stone-work, in a perfect state of preservation.

The "Casino," which is placed on an eminence flanked by trees, in the park, facing the house, was designed by Chambers, and is one of the best instances of his architecture. A little west of the Casino is a barrow, which is supposed to cover the remains of those who fell in the battle which took place there in 871 between King Alfred and the Danes, in which the former was defeated.

A very remarkable column stands in the eastern portion of the lawn, formed of one piece of white Egyptian granite. It came from the Arundel collection, having been bought by Mr. Evelyn for Lord Arundel, at Rome, where Julius Cæsar had set it up before the Temple of Venus Genetrix. This column was never erected since it fell in the ruins of old Rome until set up here. On the fillet at the base is an inscription, cut in Egyptian characters, signifying "ASTARTE."

Through the northern portion of the grounds runs the river Wylye, dividing the lawn from the Kitchen garden. This river joins the Nadder some four hundred yards east of the park walls, and running through the meadows on its way to Salisbury, skirts George Herbert's Rectory at Bemerton ; and it is believed that on its banks, in this neighbourhood, Izaak Walton composed much of his work, *The Compleat Angler*. Both the Nadder and the Wylye contain trout and grayling, and no doubt the occupants of the old Abbey fully appreciated the supplies of fish which these rivers afforded them.

THE CLOISTERS, WILTON HOUSE

THE CLOISTERS, WILTON HOUSE

SITTING ROOM OF THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

In addition to those of Sir Philip Sidney, there are historical associations connected with Cardinal Wolsey, Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare, and Charles I., "who did love Wilton above all places, and came thither every summer." Leaving the gardens, with their splendid cedars and other trees, a few words must be devoted to the interior of the house. The state rooms form the first floor of the south front, and are remarkable for the beauty of their decoration. The largest room is called the "Double Cube," which contains the large family picture by Van Dyck, and nine other pictures by the same artist. This room is beautifully proportioned and decorated, and the ceiling is by Signor Thomaso. Opening from this room we come to the Single Cube Room, which is exactly half the size of the Double Cube, and is decorated in much the same style. The ceiling here is by Signor Arpino. The pictures comprise family portraits by Van Dyck, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Wissing, and W. Richmond. In the next room, which used to be called the Hunting Room, but which is now used as a study, are some quaint pictures, painted on the panels, by Tempesta, Junior, representing all sorts of sporting. This room occupies the south-west corner of the house, and with it ends Inigo Jones's architecture. The Library, which was built by James Wyatt, occupies nearly the whole west side, and contains a very old collection of books, many of them of great interest to the "bibliophile." Two very large canvases, one of Henry, tenth Earl, with his boy, afterwards eleventh Earl, and a huge boar hound, and the other of the same Earl's wife, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, occupy prominent positions on each side of the fireplace, flanking the before-mentioned portrait of William, first Earl, by Holbein. There are other portraits by Sir Joshua and Sir Peter Lely; and in the ante-Library are two paintings, by Scott, of Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden.

THE LIBRARY, WILTON HOUSE

The windows of the Library look out upon the Italian garden, at the end of which a broad walk, flanked by tall trimmed yews, leads the eye to Holbein's Porch.

The Dining-room looks to the north, and is another specimen of James Wyatt's modern Gothic architecture. It contains large decorative pictures by Snyder, Vansomer, Bassano, Procaccini,

PEOPLE AT CARDS
BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

and Primaticcio. Two enormous fossil elk-heads are fixed on the high walls at each end of the room, and were brought from Ireland, where they were dug up from a bog.

Returning to the south side, notice must be taken of some of the pictures in the rooms east of the Double Cube. In the first of these is a very good specimen of Lucas Van Leyden, in "People Playing at Cards." An excellent portrait of Van Dyck, by

THE LAWN, WILTON HOUSE

himself, another of Philip, fifth Earl, and another of the Countess of Castlehaven, both by the same artist; three portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a sea piece by Vandervelt, and one or two other pictures, complete the collection in this room.

The next, the Colonnade Room, contains the famous "Four Children," by Rubens; a portrait of Edward VI., by Holbein; a portrait of Titian, by himself; "An Old Woman Reading," by Rembrandt; two sea pieces by Vandervelt, and a small picture by Giulio Romano.

Opening out of this is the Corner Room, which contains so many interesting pictures that I am unable to mention all. But Holbein's portrait of Judge Moore, a beautiful landscape by Rubens, a "Madonna and Christ," by Andrea del Sarto (of which there is a replica in the Wallace collection), "Judith and Holofernes," by Andrea Mantegna, and a beautifully painted portrait of Prince Rupert when a young man, ascribed to Honthorst, but probably by Van Dyck, are perhaps the most noteworthy. From the east window of this room is a lovely view of Salisbury Cathedral, obtained by a "vista" cut through the trees and shrubs in the grounds and intervening meadows.

In the next room are hung several good pictures, the most notable being "The Children of Henry VII.," by Mabuse; two battle scenes by Borgognone; "The Crucifixion," by Jarenus; "Francis II. and Charles IX.," by Zucchero; and the diptych of "Richard II. and his Patron Saints."

In the Sitting-room, which is situated in the centre of the east front, in the oldest portion of the building, hang the portrait of "Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke," by Marc Garrard; a drawing of "Cromwell, Earl of Essex," by Holbein; two very good paintings by Pater, the "Battle of Pavia," by Holbein, and two Dutch landscapes with figures, by Velvet Brugel.

The Cloisters, which surround the interior of the quadrangle,

THE HOLBEIN PORCH

FORMERLY THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO WILTON HOUSE

THE ITALIAN GARDEN, WILTON HOUSE

contain the antique marbles and busts collected by Thomas, eighth Earl, many of which were purchased by him from the Mazarin and Arundel collections. One of the most remarkable objects is a basso relievo in old Greek mosaic tesselated work representing the Garden of Hesperides. Two statues by Cleomenes, one of "Faunus with his leopard," and the other of "Cupid breaking his bow after his marriage with Psyche," are of great interest. The tomb of Aurelius Epaphroditus, which was brought from near Athens, and was presented to Cardinal Richelieu, is a wonderful specimen of ancient Greek carving, as is also an inscribed Altar of Bacchus. The statue of Jupiter Ammon is also remarkable. It was set up in a temple in Thrace by Sesostris. There are also over one hundred antique busts, including those of most of the Roman Emperors.

It would be impossible within the limits of a short article to enumerate all the objects of artistic and historical interest with which Wilton abounds, and I have only attempted to give a brief description of an old English home which has survived the storms of some three hundred and fifty years.

Longleat

THE EAST AND NORTH FRONTS OF LONGLEAT

LONGLEAT

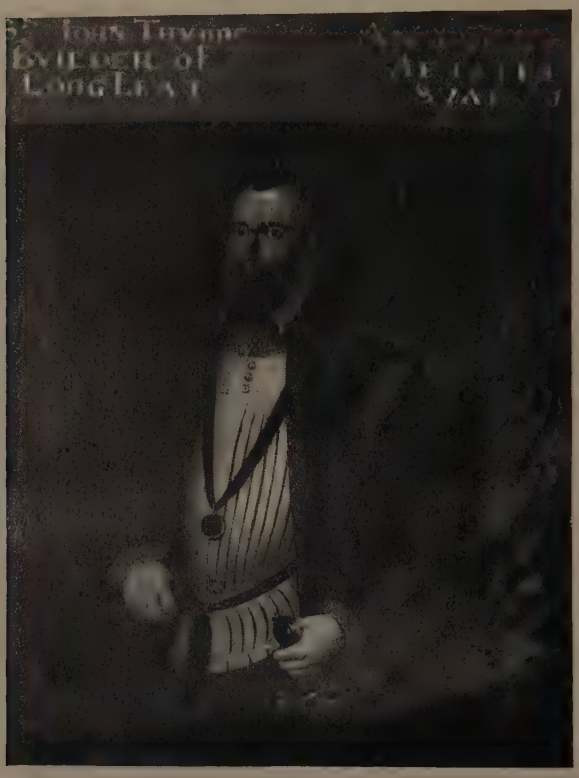
BY A. H. MALAN

ONE particular charm about Longleat is that, with all its grandeur, it is essentially a home ; and having, since it was first built, known but one family, there is about the place all that individuality, arising out of continuity of occupation, which a mansion that has often changed hands cannot pretend to possess.

August and imposing as may be the rooms and corridors, they are all habitable to a degree of luxurious comfort. Not excepting the Hall, where the general features carry the mind back full three centuries ; but the pilgrim is not on that account obliged to sit on the long form by the long table, facing an array of high-backed chairs, set, equally spaced, against the opposite

wall, as there are ordinary chairs grouped around ordinary tables, a sofa for the weary, a piano for the lively, and even a doll's-house is tolerated.

Sir John Thynne, the builder, "flourished" in the last half of the sixteenth century. Becoming the purchaser of the manor as early as 1540, he did not begin to build until 1567; meanwhile, like a wise man, sitting down to count the cost, and, as a prudent preliminary, marrying Christian Gresham, daughter of the Lord Mayor of London. Meanwhile, too, so many other things were happening! Sir John had been steward to the households of the Protector and the Princess Elizabeth; been put in the Tower, with his friend Sir Thomas Smith (previous and subsequent Secretary of State), and fined; been commissioned by Queen Mary to be on the *qui vive* should Philip of Spain land at Bristol; he also had to apply his mind to sundry public affairs, such as the Council's instructions to the justices "to exercise their office, in such unsettled times, without slothfulness, nyceness, and folishe pytie." Between his official duties, however, he could find time to dabble in falconry, asking Thomas Howard to send him a "short-wynked" hawk in return for two casts of lanners



SIR JOHN THYNNE

LONGLEAT

previously forwarded to the Duke of Norfolk, through Thynne's agency, from the Cheddar cliffs; his Grace, who was then "occasioned to be a contry man and seke waies to recreate himself in passing away his time," having intimated to his "very loving friend" that he "surelie sholde receve moche comfort" from such gifts.

In 1565 Sir John lost his wife; but, having the following year married again, he at once set to work to build what would prove to be "then, and perhaps still, the most magnificent country house in England," as Macaulay wrote, after inspecting a good many. Where he procured his designs is not known, but it has been supposed that he used those prepared for the Protector [Duke of Somerset], who had intended building himself a house, but escaped the necessity by being beheaded instead. Wild Darrell, presently, had some nasty remark to make, to the effect that Thynne had annexed other people's plans without paying for them; but then Darrell may have been rather sore at having, in his habitually straitened circumstances, to find £50 towards that loan to the Queen, which happened to be managed (1570), as to Wiltshire, by Sir John, as sheriff of the county. The loan in question must have been such a delicate and disagreeable task that this may have been partly the reason why, when, four years later, Elizabeth desired entertainment at Longleat, the ex-sheriff "felt unwell," and shirked the honour as far as might be; yet doing himself full justice as a host, when evasion was no longer possible, by presenting her Majesty with a jewel—"called a Phenix, set with one great emeralde, 50 other dyamonds and rubies, with an appendant perll at the same; it cost £140"—which, from the description, was apparently very much the sort of thing that Arabella Stuart is seen wearing in her hair, and on her throat, in one of her portraits here.

The accounts for building terminate in 1578, £8000 having

been spent—perhaps equivalent to about £80,000 of our present money. Two years later, Sir John would have been called upon to master a far more comprehensive charge from the Council, containing all manner of cautions and inquiries, even urging note to be taken "of all such as offend in wearing excess of apparel, or fail to appear in caps on Sundays and holy days." But he was luckily to be spared the formidable and risky task of pronouncing judgment on feminine attire, inasmuch as he passed away in the early part of 1580: and consequently it devolved on his heir to see to all such matters at his discretion; as also, later on, to muster so many "musketts, calyvers, pikemen and bowmen," and to take heed that the beacon on Cley Hill was not fired "upon any lewde devise," when the agitation of those unsettled times culminated in the Armada panic.

The outside of the house is not described, to save space, and because it is thought the photographs speak for themselves.

On entering the Hall you face some old armour and weapons, part of which may have been worn in those days and part in Sir James Thynne's service, when, in 1643, Longleat was forcibly entered by the Roundheads under Sir Edward Hungerford. You necessarily note also the large hunting-scenes (in which the second Viscount and his friends appear), which were evidently designed to fill a large space, and answer that purpose well; but there are still larger subjects by Wootton in the Chapel Corridor. On the front of the screen (which was erected by Sir John the younger) those carved and painted shields all indicate alliances of the family, except the three at the top, which were set up out of compliment to three friends of Sir John senior—namely, the Protector, the third Earl of Sussex, and Lord Burghley.

Let into the entablature over the fireplace, there is, besides the clock, a convenient dial and needle, communicating with a vane on the roof; so that, as he sits at breakfast (for breakfast is

THE HALL, LONGLEAT, SHOWING ARMOUR AND HUNTING SCENES

sometimes served here), the master of the house can, according to the season of the year, pretty well guess whether there will be a favourable ripple on the trout-ponds, on which (sheltered) side of a cover the woodcocks will be found, or whether a southerly wind proclaims a hunting morning.

From the Hall we may proceed to the left, into the South Corridor, where are to be found two highly decorated fourteenth-century Italian dower-chests, and a spinet of Queen Elizabeth, looking very like a Japanese cabinet on legs. Archways, here-from, lead into the private apartments; among which the chate-laine's sitting-room is, as would be anticipated, eminently meet for a lady's use; everything seeming light and bright, from the white-and-gold distempered walls to the chintz furniture covers. The room is none too large to take the semi-grand, but finds space for a casket of Marie Antoinette, as one of its conspicuous objects.

With the exception of full-length pictures of Gustavus Adolphus and Robert Devereux, almost the whole of this long corridor appears given up to family portraits, among which are observed these and others: Maria Audley (Mytens), in a richly embroidered dress; Joan Hayward, and her husband, Sir John the younger; Catherine Howard, Lady Thynne; also Lady Louisa Carteret, the connecting link between the Earls of Bath and the later marquisate. The portrait of the lady in the white dress with coloured scarf, holding a mandolin, represents Isabella Rich (daughter of Lord Holland), who made such a matrimonial mud-dle by marrying Sir James Thynne, when she might better have married Lord Thurles (afterwards Lord Ormonde), or better still have remained single; preferring, as she did, an unfettered life with the Court at Oxford, where she could attend Balliol Chapel airily dressed as an angel, play practical jokes on the dons, and comport herself generally with more giddiness than grace. Her husband, Sir James, entertained Charles II., in 1663, at Longleat.

THE HALL, LONGLEAT, SHOWING SCREEN WITH CARVED SHIELDS

Why John Granville took the title from Bath is not apparent. Lord Weymouth may have done so partly because of his ancestor, through his mother, and partly because Longleat is near Bath. The title Earl Granville was revived in a brother of a Duke of Sutherland, as a descendant of Jane Gower, daughter of John Granville, Earl of Bath. The Carteret title became merged in the Granville title, and was revived in Henry Frederick, second son of Louisa, Lady Weymouth.

LADY LOUISA CARTERET

At the east end of this corridor is the ante-Library, communicating, to right, with the Green Library, to left with the Red; and the *homeliness* of Longleat is well exemplified in both. In the Green Library, for example, are all four earliest editions of Shakespeare; an early black-letter Chaucer (whose first editor was William Thynne, uncle to the builder); a folio edition of Diogenes Laertius, with a sentence on the first page in Ken's writing; Halstead's *Genealogies;* a *Thealma,* with Isaak Walton's autograph; a Grafton's Bible (1541)—a royal gift to Sir John; fine editions of the classics; and a good deal of other literature besides. And above the shelves hang some of the early historical portraits, such as Henry VIII., the Protector, and Thomas Seymour (all by Holbein); Wriothesley, Sackville, Lucius Carey (by Van Dyck), etc. Yet there is nothing whatever of the dry order of things about the well-shapen, two-bayed room; on the contrary, a billiard-table and a stand of cues boldly beguile the

THE CORRIDOR, LONGLEAT

mind from too much erudition, and the lingering scent of bygone weeds wholly neutralises any musty aroma from the books. It is the same with the Red Library. Bookcases, and such pictures as those of Philip of Spain, James I., and a pleasing likeness of Arabella Stuart, there may be, savouring of the past; but an equally pleasing portrait of Lady Catharine Thynne (who, by the way, rather looks, in the photograph, as if she were seated at the writing-table, in a kind of high-backed chair), the Florentine inlaid work on doors, shutters, and shelves, and the general equipment in the way of furniture, are all up to date, and make this Library a most enjoyable morning- or drawing-room. Over the fireplace hangs Lord Chancellor Thurlow (by Sir Joshua Reynolds) in a glazed frame: a probable indication that the picture has been exhibited somewhere.

MARY VILLIERS, LADY THYNNE

Northwards through two small sitting-rooms. In one of them is a full-length portrait of the Duchess of Richmond (Van Dyck), in a black velvet dress, coronet on table, pearls in hair; who, as Frances Howard (of Bindon), "one of the greatest, both for birth and beauty, in the land," having at first "gone a step backward" by marrying a Henry Prannell, presently went two steps forward by marrying Edward, Earl of Hertford, and, after his decease, Ludowick Stuart. Surviving the latter, the Duchess aimed at Royalty, but failed in that, her highest venture. She

THE LIBRARY, LONGLEAT

was half-sister to the second wife of that Sir Thomas Thynne whose first wife was Maria Audley.

In the lower Dining-room, which is panelled in oak, are a good many more family portraits, of which at least the following must be mentioned: Sir John, the builder (painted by Holbein in 1566), "*ætatis suæ* 55" (which would make him born in 1511, not the usual date given), wearing a quilted doublet and a badge, holding a sword, and looking as though it would take a good deal to upset his equanimity. Near him, Louisa Carteret (Van der Bank), in a fancy dress worn at the Spanish Ambassador's ball. "Tom of ten thousand" (grandson of the half-sister of the Duchess of Richmond), who wedded (1682) the greatest catch of the day, Lady Elizabeth Percy, and was left in the lurch by her on the wedding day. A poor enough bargain, in itself, for Thynne; but, as all the world knows, he did not see the last of the matter then, being murdered shortly after by Königsmark's agents in Pall Mall. Opposite his portrait (with a fine ebony sideboard between) is Lady Mary Villiers (Kneller), in a marvellously fresh-looking blue robe, who, as the widow of that Sir Thomas Thynne who was the father of the first Lord Weymouth, afterwards became Lady Landsdowne. She was the granddaughter of Charles II.'s creature, Chiffinch.

The grand staircase is quite recent, having been reconstructed as lately as 1808 by Sir Jeffry Wyatville. It is a double stairs, very spacious and lofty, the domed roof having a central skylight, through which the sun sometimes streams on to the pictures in a not very desirable way. At the foot of the stairs stand two black bears, suggestive of two transmigrated black canons, come to guard the region where their brethren were laid to rest in days when Longleat was an Augustine Priory; for it appears that in excavating the ground under the staircase, the discovery was made of a number of coffins containing the remains of some of

THE DRAWING-ROOM, LONGLEAT

the priors or canons. Snyder's "Bear-Hunt, and Stag-Hunt"; Rubens, wife, and child, representing the "Holy Family"; Sir Walter Raleigh (Zucchero); Robert Dudley, George Villiers, and the Duke of York (Lely); the original of Lodge's portrait of Arabella Stuart; Bishop Fisher; Catharine of Portugal; and some Thynnes—these all adorn the walls of smooth-faced stone, and ought to receive attention on the way to the upper South Corridor.

To our right, two state bedrooms, simply known as A and B, also contain their quantum of pictures; among which are Frederick and Elizabeth, King and Queen of Bohemia (Honthorst), and "that gracious prince," Henry, son of James I., (Zucchero), who "did mightily strive to do somewhat of everything,"—including swimming the Thames so often, that those natatorial exploits perhaps had more to do with his untimely death than any machinations of Rochester. Outside these rooms is a picture of the house painted in 1650 (Dankertz), which shows the general appearance of the place to have been much as it is now, except for a coach-and-six in the foreground.

The east end of this corridor leads into the New Drawing-room. This has one of those highly ornamental ceilings with which the late Marquis embellished so many of the rooms; and the walls are draped with old embossed velvet, and have a frieze running along the top, illustrating the story of Circe (Cavalier Libri), brought from a Venetian palace; and there are "Camp-scenes" (Pinturrichio), the "Holy Family" (Titian), the "Virgin and Child" (Pellegrino), and a head by Raphael; the folding-doors at the west end give an admirable peep into the Hall, showing the fine Tudor roof and shields on the screen even better than they are seen below. But nevertheless it rather suffers from the greater splendour of its neighbour, the Saloon.

A touch of modern taste is imparted to the light-coloured Gobelin tapestry by dark plush borders serving as "mounts" to

the hangings; and bold lines do these perpendicular strips make, to enhance the length and breadth of the room. The marble chimneypiece (copied from one at the Doge's palace), supported by its huge Atlantes, is massive without being "heavy," and forms one of the chief features of this imperial apartment: it would form an excellent photographic sculpture-study in itself, if viewed from the proper point as to lighting, and not merely included (as here) in a general view of the whole. There is a table of Talleyrand; a wonderful clock; and a Dresden china temple, which no sane persons would touch if they could help it, still less venture to dust.

THE LONG GALLERY, LONGLEAT

Adjoining is the State Dining-room, reserved for parties; wherein the caryatides of two more mantelpieces of white marble confront each other, and the old Spanish stamped leather suffers its planished surface to be intruded upon neither by picture nor by ornament save some silver sconces.

THE STATE DINING-ROOM, LONGLEAT

Return we to the head of the great stairs ; thence through the Hall Gallery, up to the higher storey, to go and see the Old Library—perhaps the most interesting part of the whole house, alike from its contents and its associations. Situated at a corner, and running both ways, but farther on the east than the west side, this gallery, or corridor (it is really a series of attics all in one), contains Longleat's library of the time of the first Lord Weymouth, with additional volumes to the number of one thousand, which the said Lord Weymouth was permitted to pick out, at will, from among Ken's books, as an acknowledgment of his protracted hospitality to the Bishop. For when Ken was an undergraduate at "Univ.," he formed a friendship with Thomas Thynne, who was at "the House" ; and so it came about that in the former's case a University degree was destined to be by no means the barren honour it often proves to some of us who wear the hood ; as without his

THE LONG GALLERY, LONGLEAT, SHOWING FIREPLACE

THE OLD LIBRARY, LONGLEAT

FOR TWENTY YEARS THE STUDY OF BISHOP KEN

Oxford life Ken would in all probability never have found such splendid isolation, when Bath and Wells should know him as their diocesan no more.

This Old Library is very rich in controversial divinity (1660 onwards), collected by Lord Weymouth and Ken; and it also has a great variety of Civil War tracts. One section of it has been more recently stored with a very complete collection of pamphlets on the French Revolution. Of the more important manuscripts, one can but indicate a fraction: Wicliff's translation of the Bible; the *Homilies* of Origen on the Old Testament; a Latin Psalter, fourteenth century; a thirteenth-century *Liber Pontificalis;* a fifteenth-century translation of Bonaventure's *Life of Christ,* intended "for children that haven nede to be fedde with mylke of light doctrine, and not with sad meat of great clergy, and high contemplation"; Registers of various abbeys; *The Temple of Glasse,* attributed to Chaucer—the only manuscript known; a very old Register of Glastonbury Abbey, made in 1189; the *Liber Rubeus Bathoniæ;* Leicester's *Commonwealth.* Then, too, partly here and partly in the muniment-rooms, are a multitude of original letters, valuable for their contents, but even more so for their autographs, including letters from Elizabeth to George Talbot (one of which with delicious informality begins, "My good old man"); several letters of Arabella Stuart; one of Richard III.; some of Strafford, the Protector, and Robert Dudley; one of Amy Robsart; one from Wolsey, announcing his degradation to Gardiner, in autograph, and signed *T. Cardinalis Ebor Miserrimus;* and a host of others. The whole collection is probably unrivalled, except by the Hatfield papers; and of it the Historical Commissioners state, in their report, that "it gives a wonderfully complete and vivid illustration of our civil, military, naval, and ecclesiastical history, and from the earliest times. Its value for historical purposes can scarcely be overrated."

THE WINTER GARDEN, LONGLEAT

For twenty years that gentle but inflexible prelate, who reverenced his conscience more than his king, used this Library as his living-room and study, and thereby so consecrated it for all time that it would be sheer sacrilege to light the very best weed *here,* even in one of those secret hiding-places at the back of the bookcases. One can fancy the saintly non-juror sunning himself, of a winter's morning, in the deep shelf-lined recesses by the windows, among his books ; on a wet day taking exercise, amid his meditations, by pacing up and down the longer wing of his study ; on a fine day running up to the roof, between whiles, for a breath of air, and to gaze afresh on that fair scene, of gardens, lake, and wood, which afterwards so impressed George III. that, on coming down from the leads, he expressed the sentiments of Sheba's Queen when the guest of Solomon. The third Lord Weymouth had come of age in 1754, and then laid out the gardens according to "Capability" Brown's ideas. He was created Marquis of Bath in 1789, in which year George III. and his Queen and a retinue of 128 persons visited Longleat, and were all lodged within the house, while thirty thousand Wiltshire men stood outside in the Park.

Let us descend from these altitudes, to make better acquaintance with the scene below, by way of the east terrace, past the crimson and carmine flower-beds, to the lake edge. A good deal of wild life is to be seen here, almost touching the house. First there are the ducks, in large quantities—not a bird among them pinioned ; wild enough to startle anybody, as they rise with resounding quacks from beyond the fringing bullrushes, and then fly farther on, or back to one of the higher ponds ; or, tired of exercising their paddles on these home waters, take bolder flight over the hill to Sherewater. Then there are the coots, sulky and shy, and always keeping their distance ; and the moor-hens everywhere, frisking their tails and skating over the water-lilies till a

LONGLEAT FROM THE LAKE

clear place suggests a dive. Lower down, swans manœuvre in the open water, and herons lazily flap to and fro, with a purpose: extracting the big anodons from the mud, and bearing them off in triumph to the seclusion of a tree, there to snip the shells with their strong wedged beaks and devour the esculent contents. And the number of herons is sufficient to cause a considerable layer of broken shells to be found under any tree near, but across, the lake, that you may happen to inspect.

Strolling along this walk, round by the boat-house and in through a shrubbery, you suddenly find yourself in the Winter garden, gay with all manner of flowers in geometrical box-edged beds; with a terrace of mixed borders with trellised bowers of roses running along the path-side; and reposeful with fountain-splash. No rude wind ever intrudes, but all is sweet-scented and seductive. A lovely spot to have tea in, out-of-doors; with a convenient orangery running along one side in case of a vagrant shower.

Then, crossing the head of the lake, and making for that view which everyone visits, a little *détour* may be taken to the left, into a bit of the park called the Grove; for there grow some of the finest trees of their kind—particularly an oak of surprising girth and altitude, some gigantic limes, and some garden poplars termed "arbells." As we proceed, herds of deer are sure to be seen, seeming tame enough when broken up into small groups, but when in larger numbers, massing themselves into a circular laäger with their horns outward at the approach of a stranger.

Higher up is a grotto made of stones fantastically arranged round and over a trough (once served by a spring), and extending some distance on either side of the basin. What possessed anyone to make it here is a mystery. The idea of a secret passage from it to the house may be safely dismissed; *that* is a too common tale, too often told for credence. Possibly it might

have been visible from the house before the trees grew up; it is certainly older than a large ash whose main roots penetrate the masonry.

The view from the Ridge, at the point known as "Heaven's Gate," is beautiful enough to have inspired Ken with all manner

"HEAVEN'S GATE"
VIEW FROM THE RIDGE

of exalted thoughts. In one direction the Park loses itself in Lord Cork's park at Marston, and consequently there is an extended stretch of wooded knolls and glades not often met with. But the view is not so extensive as it seems; Paget's monument, ahead, and Beckford's tower, on Lansdown, Bath, to the right, being about the limits of the field.

To imbibe this view, and then be driven, by the Green drive and through the Aucombe woods to Crockerton pond,—deep, green, land-locked, and tree-fringed,—is to enjoy two very different samples of characteristic English scenery within half an hour; that is to say, if using the private roads. But the public road from Horningsham to Warminster provides a very fair equivalent,

passing as it does for a considerable distance through the same woods. Ponticon rhododendrons, azaleas, and patches of St. John's-wort there are in abundance ; and anywhere the wayfaring man, if tired or hot, can recline *sub tegmine,* without let from hedge or fence, seeing around him Nordmanns coning only at the top, and comely silvers, and other conifers, and deciduous trees, but never a Weymouth pine ; for though the Weymouth pine was introduced by the first Lord Weymouth from North America, the tree has the bad grace not to thrive here.

And thus the road goes on, gradually trending downwards, till at last it emerges from the woods. And then, when stiff thorn-hedges and open fields and bare flinty Wiltshire downs suddenly present themselves, with a sort of rude shock it is quickly realised that you have passed beyond even the outskirts of Longleat the Magnificent.

Rufford Abbey

RUFFORD ABBEY

RUFFORD ABBEY

BY LORD SAVILE

THE Manor of Rufford was at the commencement of the twelfth century the fee of Gilbert de Gaunt. This Gilbert was a grandson of Gislebert de Gaunt, a nephew of William the Conqueror, and his name appears on the roll of Battle Abbey. Gilbert married Roesia, Countess of Lincoln, and was himself created Earl of Lincoln. On his deathbed, in the year 1148, he bequeathed Rufford to a colony of Cistercian monks from Rievaulx. The deed of gift, which is in Latin, is in a perfect state of preservation. It bears the seal of Gilbert, and runs as follows: "I, Gilbert de Gaunt, Earle of Lincoln, to all men and to all his children of the Holy Church, greeting. Know ye me to have given and granted, in perpetual alms, to the monks of Rievaulx, for the souls of my father and mother, and

for the remission of my sins, my manor of Rufford, and whatsoever I have there in domains, to make an abbey of the order of Cistercians, to the honour of our beloved Lady, Saint Mary the Virgin."

A confirmation of this gift was made by King Stephen, and the estate is still called the Liberty of Rufford, and is exempt from the parochial system.

When Henry VIII. swept away the abbeys of England, Rufford was given by him to George, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury. His grandson, the sixth Earl, had charge of Mary, Queen of Scots; he married, firstly, a daughter of the first Earl of Rutland, by whom he had several children, and secondly, the celebrated Bess of Hardwick, widow of Sir W. Cavendish, by whom she had had three sons and three daughters. Her second daughter, Elizabeth, was married, in the Chapel at Rufford, to Charles Stuart, younger brother of Darnley, the father of James I., while he was on a visit there with his mother, the Countess of Lennox; the ill-fated Arabella Stuart was the result of this union. An amusing letter on the subject written by Lord Shrewsbury to Lord Burghley shows that he was very nervous as to the manner in which this act of his matchmaking and scheming wife would be viewed by his sovereign; his fears were not unfounded, for the mothers of both bride and bridegroom paid a short visit to the Tower. Meanwhile Bess had married her step-daughter, Lady Mary Talbot, to Sir George Savile of Thornhill, Lupset, and Wakefield, and the Rufford estate was made over to him. He was created a baronet June 29, 1611.

Their son, likewise Sir George, married Anne, daughter of Sir W. Wentworth, and sister of Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, of whom a splendid portrait by Van Dyck hangs in the Billiard-room.

Strafford was often the guest of his brother-in-law, Sir

THE BRICK HALL, RUFFORD ABBEY

THE ANCIENT BANQUETING HALL

George. There are many interesting letters from him in the possession of the writer, among others one dated from Dublin Castle, December, 1633, addressed to his young nephew, to whom he gives, at considerable length, advice as to the management of his large estates; laying down many rules for his guidance through life generally, and warning him especially against making too early an appearance at Court, before he should be capable of contending with the dangers that would surely there beset him. In the Strafford papers he relates a curious anecdote of James I. when hunting with his Court at Rufford. "The loss of the stag, and the hounds hunting foxes instead of deer, put the king into a marvellous chaff, accompanied with those ordinary symptoms better known to you courtiers, I conceive, than to us rural swains: in the height whereof comes a clown galloping in and staring him full in the face: 'His blood!' quoth he, 'am I come forty miles to see a fellow?' And presently, in a great rage, turns about his horse, and away he goes faster than he came; the address whereof caused His Majesty and the company to burst out into a vehement laughter; and so the fume for that time was happily dispersed."

The Stuarts were frequent visitors at Rufford; Thoroton says: "This place hath often entertained King James and King Charles his son, being very pleasant and commodious for hunting in the forest of Shirewood." During the Commonwealth, it was one of the places appointed for the rendezvous of persons disaffected to the Government.

The large cedar on the lawn was planted by Charles II. during one of his visits to Rufford.

Sir William Savile, the third Baronet, was the leader of the Royalist forces in Yorkshire during the troublous times of the Civil War. When not engaged in fighting, he lived at Rufford; just before his death he ordered his old Hall at Thornhill, near

THE PICTURE GALLERY, RUFFORD ABBEY

Wakefield, to be burnt down, to prevent it being used as a garrison for the forces of the Parliament. He was appointed, in 1643, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the town and Castle of Sheffield, but died the following year. His widow, a daughter of Lord Keeper Coventry, remained on in the Castle of Sheffield, which she gallantly defended against the besiegers, although daily expecting her confinement, and being, of course, unable to obtain any medical assistance. It was only when the walls were actually battered in that her own soldiers, to save the heroic lady, gave up the keys. Lady Savile was allowed to march out with the honours of war, and to have an escort to Rufford, where she was confined the next day. Her eldest son, Sir George Savile, was destined to become one of the most famous, and perhaps the most powerful man of his time. He was created Lord Savile, then Viscount, and afterwards Marquis of Halifax.

This great statesman adored his Nottinghamshire home, and in spite of the high positions he occupied and the honours that were conferred upon him, he was never so happy as when he could live quietly down there among his books and pictures. In writing from Windsor Castle at the end of July, 1679, where he was detained by the cares of office, he laments that the summer is passing without his being able to see his poor old Rufford, which he prefers to Windsor in all its glory, and yearns for with the longing of an absent lover.

To the "Trimmer," however, it is due that but a portion now remains of the original abbey. In a letter dated from Rufford, February 7, 1680, to his brother Henry Savile—then Envoy Extraordinary to Louis XIV.—he begins:

"I am once more got to my old tenement, which I had not seen since I had given orders to renew and repair it. It looketh now somewhat better than when you was last here; and besides the charms of your native soil, it hath something more to recom-

RUFFORD HALL

mend itself to your kindness, than when it was so mixt with the old ruins of the abbey that it looked like a medley of superstition and sacriledge, and though I have still left some decayed front of old building, yet there are none of the rags of Rome remaining. It is now all heresye, which in my mind looketh pretty well, and I have at least so much reverence for it now as I had when it was encumbered with those sanctified ruins."

Lord Halifax married firstly, Dorothy Spencer, daughter of the Earl of Sunderland and of the famous "Sacharissa," who was constantly at Rufford, and who was an ardent admirer of the character and talents of her son-in-law. Indeed, after the death of her second husband, Sir Robert Smythe, Lady Sunderland appears to have made it her home from 1663 to the autumn of 1667.

After the death of Dorothy, Lady Halifax, in 1670, Lord Halifax endeavoured to find distraction in public life, and for a short time represented Great Britain as Minister at The Hague.

In 1674, his second marriage took place, to Gertrude Pierrepont, daughter of William Pierrepont of Thoresby, and granddaughter of the first Earl of Kingston. Lord Halifax died in 1695 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Macaulay says of him: "Among the statesmen of that age Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and wit. . . . He was the chief of those politicians whom the two great parties contemptuously called Trimmers. Instead of quarrelling with this nickname, he assumed it as a title of honour, and vindicated, with great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation. 'Everything good,' he said, 'trims between extremes. The temperate zone trims between the climate in which men are roasted and the

climate in which they are frozen. The English Church trims between the Anabaptist madness and the Papist lethargy. The English constitution trims between Turkish despotism and Polish anarchy. Virtue is nothing but a just temper between propensities any one of which, if indulged to excess, becomes vice. Nay, the perfection of the Supreme Being Himself consists in the exact equilibrium of attributes, none of which could preponderate without disturbing the whole moral and physical order of the world.' Thus Halifax was a Trimmer on principle. He was also a Trimmer by the constitution both of his head and of his heart. His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. He must not, however, be confounded with the vulgar crowd of renegades. For though, like them, he passed from side to side, his transition was always in the direction opposite to theirs. . . . To his lasting honour it must be mentioned that he attempted to save those victims whose fate has left the deepest stain both on the Whig and on the Tory name."

Lord Halifax was succeeded by his son, Lord Eland, who married a daughter of the Earl of Nottingham, but leaving no son the marquisate became extinct, and his cousin, Sir John Savile, succeeded to the estates and the baronetcy.

The eighth and last Baronet was the celebrated Sir George Savile, who in five successive Parliaments represented the county of York. He died unmarried in 1784. His sister, Barbara Savile, married, in the Chapel at Rufford, Richard, fourth Earl of Scarborough, and to their younger son, John Lumley-Savile, Sir George bequeathed his Rufford and Yorkshire estates. Mr.

THE GRAND STAIRCASE, RUFFORD ABBEY

Lumley-Savile ultimately succeeded to the earldom of Scarborough, and was the great-grandfather of the present owner.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, paid a visit to Rufford. During this visit Charles Dibdin, the poet, who had accompanied his Royal Highness as Master of the Ceremonies, wrote his celebrated song, *The Woodman's Stroke,* after having witnessed the felling of an oak in the park.

The principal approach to Rufford Abbey is by the lodge on the Nottingham road. A fine stone gateway, surmounted by the arms of the family, opens on a once grand avenue of limes. They have, alas! suffered severely in the gales of recent years, and more than one of these decrepit old giants now depends on the doubtful support of his neighbour. As you descend this avenue the west front of the house gradually becomes visible, with its quaint gables and mullioned windows. This is the decayed front of the old abbey alluded to above. A bridge connects the carriage drive with a fine stone portal with twisted columns, the door of which opens on a lobby of carved oak panels with a collection of curious old weapons and armour. Three steps lead you into the ancient Banqueting Hall with floor of red brick in mosaic devices. A wainscot of dark oak panelling runs round the Hall, and on it hang pictures of the Tudor period, portraits of Arabella Stuart as a girl, of Sir William and Lady Savile the heroine of Sheffield Castle, and several of the Sidney family. Above the wainscot the walls are covered with tapestries of the Flemish school. Across the Hall near the entrance is an oaken screen carved with quaint Elizabethan tracery. Beyond the arches at either end of the screen stand men in armour placed in front of Gothic tapestry. Above their helmets rises the minstrels' gallery. Along the whole length of the Hall, under the windows, runs a narrow oak table blackened with age, a relic of the Cistercian monks, together with the benches used by them at their meals.

THE CHAPEL, RUFFORD ABBEY

In the centre of the Hall is an enormous fireplace of stone, with Elizabethan carving. Crossing the dais at the upper end, you find the door leading to the Library, a fine room with a ceiling of great beauty. Above the bookcases the walls are covered with rich red velvet brocade, forming a good background to the pictures and china. Over the large stone fireplace hangs a fine portrait of the Prince of Wales in Garter robes, painted by the late Augustus Savile, H.M. Marshal of the Ceremonies, who, besides being of great social fame, was, like his brother the late Lord Savile, an artist of considerable talent.

The Drawing-room walls and ceiling are decorated with carvings of flowers, medallions, and ribbons in white and gold, and the walls are panelled with crimson and white silk of the basket pattern. The furniture is entirely covered with exquisite specimens of Gobelin and Beauvais tapestry of the Louis XV. period.

The Billiard-room contains many interesting family portraits, among others those of the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, the husband of Bess of Hardwick; Sir Henry Savile, Provost of Eton in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and founder of the Savilian fellowship at the University of Oxford, by Marcus Garrett; a magnificent portrait of Strafford by Van Dyck; Barbara, Countess of Scarborough, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Lord Halifax, by Sir G. Kneller, and both his wives by Sir P. Lely; Prince Rupert by Lely, and Lady Savile by Romney.

The Picture Gallery or Ballroom, which forms part of the wing built by Lord Halifax, is one hundred and twenty-four feet in length, with floor of oaken parquet, and a ceiling copied from one at Hardwick. On the walls of one side of this fine room hang pictures by Velasquez, Rembrandt, Teniers, Van Dyck, Murillo, Watteau, Greuze, and Gainsborough; the other side is entirely covered with fine specimens of Brussels tapestry.

THE SERVANTS' HALL; THE OLD CRYPT OF THE ABBEY

The Dining-room is, perhaps, the least imposing one of the house, but it contains some noteworthy pictures and family portraits, besides a magnificent collection of racing cups, mostly trophies won by the late Mr. Henry Savile, whose celebrated horse, Cremorne, was the winner of the Derby of 1872.

The grand staircase, of carved oak, was designed and built by the late Lord Savile, H.M. Ambassador at Rome; the fine bay window which forms the first landing being the only addition to the outside of the house since the alterations made by Lord Halifax. The windows of this landing are coloured with the coats-of-arms of the family from the time that Sir George Savile obtained the property through his marriage with Lady Mary Talbot in 1590. A smaller oak staircase leads down to the Chapel, the date of which in its present state is uncertain; but it clearly existed in the time of Bess of Hardwick, for there, as already mentioned, was celebrated her daughter's marriage to Charles Stuart in 1574. Its walls are covered with tapestry, and the pews of very black oak are surmounted by handsomely carved finials. The large gallery above, which forms the pew of the family, contains no prayer-books of more recent date than that of Charles II. In the floor of the aisle is a tombstone with a cross incised and an inscription in Latin, "Robert de Markham, a monk of this house who died in 1309,"—but this slab was no doubt placed in the Chapel at a later period.

Descending from the family pew by a stone staircase, you come to the basement floor. It was at the foot of this staircase that, about thirty years ago, on removing some large flags which always seemed damp, a skeleton was found with a bullet hole through the skull. The bones were removed to Wellow churchyard and buried there. Past the lower door of the Chapel and along a stone corridor, you come to the Servant's Hall; this was the old Crypt of the abbey, an immense hall

VIEW OF THE ABBEY FROM THE LAKE

with vaulted roof, huge columns of stone, and a fireplace of colossal dimensions.

The cellars which adjoin the Crypt are extremely interesting, being of the same architecture but entirely unaltered since the days of the monks; the walls throughout this portion of the house are six feet in thickness.

But the bedroom floor is what appears more than all to attract the admiration of visitors to Rufford. Many of these rooms are hung with splendid specimens of Brussels tapestry made specially for them. In the Stuart Room, where both the Charleses slept, these represent the history of Queen Esther. In the State-room scenes from the life of Marcus Aurelius adorn the walls. The furniture in most of the bedrooms is French of the Louis XIV. and XV. periods.

Rufford has always had the reputation of being haunted; and though the present owner, after many years' residence, can add no testimony of his own on the subject, there are several persons of undoubted veracity still living who affirm that they have seen "the little old lady in black." More recently great alarm was occasioned to one of the guests by a visit from a gigantic monk with a death's-head under his cowl. Whatever the explanation of these mysterious appearances may be, it is certain that the belief in them was both wide-spread and widely credited; for in an early Register of the parish church at Edwinstowe was entered the burial of a man who "died from fright after seeing the Rufford ghost."

The Park is undulating and finely wooded. Round the house tall fences of yew and of holly are cut into fantastic shapes. Three streams run through the garden, and wind their way into a lake dotted with islands with fine old clumps of trees upon them. Below a winter garden filled with immense palms rises a fountain, which flows into the ancient stew or fishpond bordered

RUFFORD ABBEY, FROM THE LAWN

with daffodils. Here, when in the mood for dreaming, we can picture to ourselves the white-clad forms of the Cistercian Brothers, engaged in the absorbing pursuit of procuring their Friday's meal, while not forgetting, let us hope, to breathe a prayer for the soul of their departed benefactor, Gilbert of Gaunt.

Compton Wynyates

THE WEST FRONT OF COMPTON WYNYATES

COMPTON WYNYATES

BY ALICE DRYDEN

THOSE fortunate enough to penetrate the rural depths of Warwickshire and reach Compton Wynyates, the ancestral home of the Comptons, will have imprinted in their minds a vision of colour and architectural beauty set in quiet country surroundings. Indeed, the peace is absolutely unbroken, and as we gaze at one beautiful feature after another, it is hard to believe that we are not transported back by some enchantment to the sixteenth century.

In addition to its beauty the house is extremely interesting. It was built after the fortified castles were out of date, and yet retains the moat, secret hiding-places, and numerous staircases for

refuge and escape in case of attack. Its chief safety, however, was its situation ; for, built in a hollow with the ground rising on every side, it would often escape discovery. Camden wrote of it as "Compton in the Hole," adding that "though in a hole yet is it not without its pleasures." On the top of the rise towards Banbury, as a guide before a road was made, there still stands a pile of stones called Compton Pike.

The moat is now filled up except on one side, where it nearly surrounds an old garden, and both form a foreground to the quaint back of the house. As the front of the building bursts upon us it is surrounded by a lawn with curious old-fashioned flagged pathways. It is indeed a most picturesque pile of exquisite colouring: built of small red bricks widely separated by mortar, with occasional chequers of blue bricks ; the mouldings and facings of yellow local stone, the woodwork of the two gables carved and black with age, the stone slates covered with lichens, and mellowed by the hand of time, the whole building has an indescribable charm. The architecture, too, is all irregular: towers here and there, gables of different heights, any straight line embattled, few windows placed exactly over others, and the whole fitly surmounted by the elaborate carved and moulded brick chimneys of different designs, some fluted, others zigzagged, others spiral, or combined spiral and fluted.

Of the Comptons who owned the property before the time of Henry VII. it is unnecessary to say anything, since one is writing of the house rather than of the family. In that reign William Compton, son and heir of Edmund, was, at his father's death, left a minor of eleven years of age. Being a ward of the Crown, he was appointed to attend on Henry, Duke of York, afterwards Henry VIII., and enjoyed the King's favour till his death in 1528. He died possessed of large landed estates, having manors in twenty-one different counties : among the rest that of

THE NORTH FRONT OF COMPTON WYNYATES

Castle Ashby in Northamptonshire. In the beginning of the King's reign Sir William had been appointed keeper of Fulbroke Park, with permission to pull down some buildings there and use the materials for his own house at Compton Wynyates, round which, in 1519, he obtained the King's license to enclose a park of two thousand acres.

SPENCER COMPTON, EARL OF NORTHAMPTON
FROM THE ENGRAVING IN LODGE'S "PORTRAITS"

A curious question arises as to what parts of the house were brought from Fulbroke, which was distant about fourteen miles. The buildings were ruinous in 1478, though not of great age, as in the time of Richard II. Joan, Lady Bergavenny, had built there a gatehouse and lodge, and just previously John, Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V., had erected a castle of brick and stone, from which castle, if the tradition is correct, came those wonderful brick chimneys said to have been transported in panniers on donkeys. This, however, is unlikely, as they are of the same date as the house.

The first building of Compton Wynyates as it stands now was between 1509 and Sir William's death in 1528, and it seems

unlikely that anything more was done for some time, for his son and successor died before he was of age, leaving an infant heir, Henry, who became the first Baron Compton, and commenced building Castle Ashby. He died in 1589, leaving a young son William, who was the hero of the "baker's-basket elopement." The story runs that he fell in love with the only child of Sir John Spencer, one of the most opulent of London's merchant princes,

SOUTH-WEST ANGLE AND GARDEN

proverbially known at the time as "rich Spencer." The course of true love, however, did not run smooth, as Sir John by no means approved of the advances of the young courtier, and positively refused his consent to the marriage; so Lord Compton devised a plan to outwit Sir John and carry off his lady-love. A bribe to the baker enabled him to disguise himself and deliver the loaves one morning; as soon as the basket was emptied the lady got in, and Lord Compton was boldly carrying his precious load downstairs when he was met by Sir John, who, luckily not recognising him, gave him a sixpence as a reward for being so early, observing that that was the way to thrive. On discovering the truth Sir John was so angry that he disinherited his daughter;

and the quarrel was made up only through the intervention of Queen Elizabeth, who invited him to stand sponsor with her for a child whom he promised to adopt—to find it was his own grandson. It is said that on his death in 1610 he left, according to the lowest accounts, £300,000—a prodigious sum in those days.

By this marriage with the Spencer heiress the now valuable property of Islington came into the Compton family, including Sir John's manor-house at Canonbury. On inheriting this great fortune it was Lady Compton's wish that Castle Ashby should be built up; so my Lady's grand notions fortunately found a safe outlet without destroying the old manor-house of Henry VIII.'s time. Lord Compton was created Earl of Northampton by James I., whom he entertained at Compton in 1617, and, dying in 1630, was succeeded by his son Spencer, a brilliant scholar and an accomplished gentleman, described by Clarendon as "a person of great courage, honour, and fidelity." When the Civil War broke out he was one of the most energetic supporters of the Royal cause, and Compton Wynyates became a battle-ground of opposing factions. The Compton family threw all their energy and wealth on the King's side; and when Lord Northampton led his well-disciplined regiment of green-coats into the field at Edgehill it contained three of his sons; a fourth shed tears because he was not yet old enough to handle a pistol. Lord Northampton was killed at the battle of Hopton Heath, and there is a touching letter written at the time by his eldest son James to his mother.

This James succeeded his father as Governor of Banbury Castle, and was himself succeeded by his brother Sir William, who held it till the close of the War, and with his brother, Sir Charles, made a daring but unsuccessful attempt to recover their home from the Parliamentarians. It had been taken in 1644 by a

THE SOUTH AND WEST FRONTS OF COMPTON WYNYATES

party of four hundred foot and three hundred horse, that lay before Compton Wynyates for two days, drove the park, killed all the deer, defaced the monuments in the church, and carried off to Banbury, besides officers and soldiers, £5000 in money, sixty or eighty horses, four hundred sheep, one hundred and sixty head of cattle, eighteen loads of plunder, and five or six earthen pots of money found in the fish-pond.

There is a tradition that a considerable number of the Cavaliers who had been wounded in the attack remained in the house when it was taken ; they were said to have been concealed by Lady Northampton in the roofs, which are entered by a trap-door, and were tended by her, presumably escaping without the Puritan garrison knowing anything about it. The Puritans held the house till the surrender of Banbury, in 1646.

From this account it would appear that there was a second court in front of the present house, with a drawbridge, and that there were outworks behind the stables and a stone bridge crossing the moat, defended by a sconce or temporary wooden screen. The house stood behind all these, and so escaped damage. The moat was probably filled up in the last century, when the family thought Compton damp, but warmer than Castle Ashby as a winter residence. The barn, probably rebuilt in the year 1642, was pulled down only in the present century. The stables and outbuildings were finally cleared away by Charles, third Marquis —when the approach to the house was turned into its present condition of open lawn.

The Parliamentary party allowed James, Lord Northampton, to enjoy his estates in peace on his paying a heavy composition ; and he probably made alterations and repairs to his house after the damage it must have sustained, putting in windows with plain mouldings and a transom, of a darker stone. The original windows were of yellow stone, and pointed-arched. Some of

THE PORCH, COMPTON WYNYATES, SHOWING ARMS OF HENRY VIII.

these were afterwards replaced by sashes, and have been since reconverted into Gothic windows. The sashes were put in by George, fourth Earl, after the fashion of his times. He also did a good deal both for Compton and Castle Ashby, where he replanted the great avenue. He was succeeded in 1727 by his son James, whose initials "I. N." are on the leaden rainwater pipes at both places. He, to his discredit, prepared the walls for papering, and hid some of the old Gothic chimneypieces under slabs of marble. But it was Spencer, the eighth Earl, who proved a notorious and extravagant owner of Compton Wynyates, and nearly brought about its total destruction. In 1768, he took an active part in a contested election to nominate a member for the borough of Northampton. His opponents were Lord Spencer and Lord Halifax; the latter was ruined, and the former spent £130,000, and left a legacy of debt on his estate besides. The eating and drinking that went on in an election in those days was astonishing, and it is said that after draining Lord Halifax's cellars of port, the electors were offered claret, and this not being to their liking they migrated in a body to clear out the port at Castle Ashby. It is not surprising that even Lord Northampton was reduced to cutting down his timber, and after selling most of his furniture at Castle Ashby and the whole of that at Compton he spent the rest of his life in Switzerland. Before going abroad he gave orders that Compton should be pulled down, as he could not afford to repair it; but, by good luck, the faithful steward of of the estate, John Berrill, did his best to keep out the weather and preserve the house for posterity, as he said he was sure the family would come back there some day. Most of the windows were bricked up to save window tax, and the glorious old building that had entertained kings and queens remained bare and desolate for many years, excepting a small portion that was used as a farmhouse!

A VIEW IN THE COURT, COMPTON WYNYATES

Fortunately its day has now come again, and its late owners have repaired it with taste and care. Charles, third Marquis, in 1867 employed Sir Digby Wyatt to rebuild the great staircase; and the Tudor windows that had been altered in Queen Anne's time were restored from his own drawings; also the Hall screen, which had been painted white, was cleaned and repaired among many necessary restorations. The late Marquis built a new home for the tenant, and so recovered the use of the whole house. It is now the summer residence of the present Lord and Lady Northampton, who have laid out the garden to match the old place; and soon the yew hedges and *parterres* of roses and gilly-flowers will appear as though they have had an uninterrupted existence from the days of hoops and periwigs. The lawn, where once the moat flowed, intervenes between the garden and the south side of the house, where the Chapel window is the central feature; and creepers climb round the Drawing-room windows and up the towers, the bright green of their leaves bringing out the warm tones of the crimson brickwork. The highest gable in

THE PORCH FROM INSIDE OF THE COURT

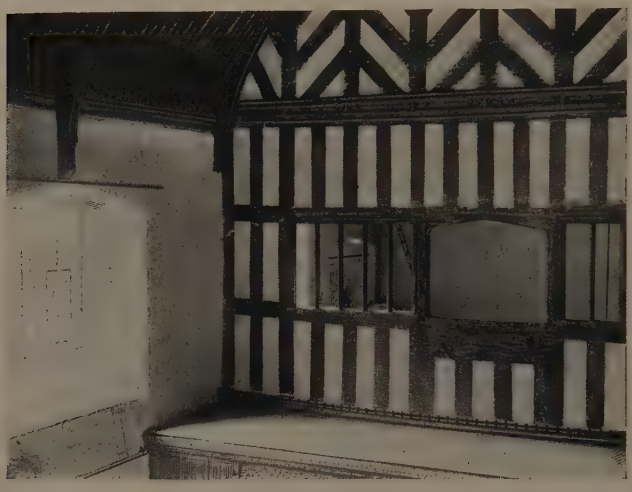
INTERIOR OF THE COURT, COMPTON WYNYATES, SHOWING THE TWISTED CHIMNEYS

this front is that of the "Roman Catholic Chapel." One of its windows looks out on the parapet, and beneath, facing west, is the four-light one of the "Guard-room." Many of the smaller windows in various parts of the house indicate the position of staircases, of queer little rooms or cupboards. Most old houses contain these recesses, but the number of both them and the staircases at Compton is unusual and remarkable.

Facing west is the entrance front: the two gables, with their carved black barge-boards, are of different heights, and at different distances from the entrance porch; that on the right contained the officers' quarters of olden days. The Porch is of the earliest date of the house, and, both inside and out, is a most attractive feature. Over the arch are the arms of Henry VIII., supported by a dragon on the dexter and a greyhound on the sinister side, and surmounted by a crown, on which is inscribed **Dom. · Rex · Henricvs · Octav.** The hollow moulding of the dripstone is carved with figures of roses, lizards, and, in one corner, a rose and pomegranate twisted together. On each side is the Tudor rose under a crown. One spandrel of the arch is filled with an uncommon device of Catharine of Aragon, made up on a shield, of a picturesque form of the triple-towered castle of Castile, the pomegranate of Granada, and the sheaf of arrows, a cognisance of her mother Isabella; the other spandrel has the portcullis, a badge of Henry VIII. Inside the arch on each side are stone benches, also doors which gave access to the moat. The old double oak doors, moulded with linen pattern outside and strongly panelled within, bear the marks of a long and faithful service. The spy window, or lamp-holder, which is of fine design in iron-work, has been removed for better preservation, and hung in the Hall; it seems of earlier date than the house, so may possibly have come from Fulbroke.

On the left on entering is the doorway of the porter's lodge,

and a blocked-up niche through which he probably carried on communications. Inside the lodge is another spy-hole blocked up, and a staircase giving access to the turret, for the purpose of reconnoitring any one that approached. Beautiful as is the outside, the inner courtyard loses nothing by comparison; every feature there may be exactly the same as it was centuries ago, though the four squares of turf and flagged paths are really of a later date. The repose and grandeur of the building brings to one's spirit the feeling of what little account we are in the presence of such memorials of the past.



THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY

Compton differs from many houses of the period in the position of the Hall, more approximating to the collegiate arrangement. Usually, the front door, giving access to it through the "screens," is in the outer wall of the house, and often in a porch; at Compton the doorway in the outer wall is large enough to admit a vehicle, and the Hall is in the opposite side of the Court, thus gaining protection, and enabling windows to be placed lower down. Its grand bay window is the most prominent feature in the Court. The door opens into the passage formed out of the Hall by the old oak screen, which has been roofed over for the advantage of warmth. The two doors corresponding with the kitchen and buttery doors opposite are new, but most of the panels enriched with linen patterns are old, also the central one, which illustrates the "Deeds of Compton," a most quaint collection

of carved knights in armour, some on horseback, slaying and being slain in extraordinary attitudes. In the centre of this panel are the arms of Sir William, bearing the "honourable augmentation" granted by Henry VIII. "out of the said King's own royall Ensigns and Devises": the lion of England passant guardant or, to be carried with the three helmets which the Comptons had borne for centuries, quartered with the new arms given with the red dragon crest: argent, a chevron vert within a bordure azure, bezanté. Green and white were Henry VIII.'s colours.

The Hall extends to the full height of the house, and has a finely moulded open timber roof springing from a richly carved cornice; it is said to have been brought from Fulbroke, and evidently was originally made for a larger place.

Behind the screen rises the picturesque "half-timbered" walls of the minstrel gallery. It had all been plastered up and painted white, like the screen, till its beauty was discovered a few years ago. Gallery is indeed a misnomer in this instance, for it is a good-sized room with a separate window, the openings to the Hall resembling windows without glass. It was very convenient, doubtless, for the repressed ladies of former days to enjoy some of the revelry below. The dais from the bay window end has disappeared, but an old table still remains—an enormous slab twenty-three feet long and thirty inches wide, resting on modern trestles. It is thought by some to have been used for "shovel-board," a popular game in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, no hall being complete without its board. This fine slab survived the sale of furniture after the spendthrift election, and remains in the Hall with two other survivors—an old leathern jack and an iron chest with a curious intricate lock that was discovered imbedded in a corridor wall during this century. How one wishes there were left some of the old suits of armour which had clothed the retainers, or, better still, the suits of the gallant

Earl Spencer, or those of his noble sons! Gone for ever are the armorial relics that ought to be in the beautiful Hall, testifying to the doughty deeds of the gallant Cavaliers who fought in vain.

Adjoining the Hall is the present Dining-room, formerly a parlour, of which the chimneypiece, in the Chippendale style, is probably of the time of George the fourth Earl. The plaster ceiling, ornamented with the arms of Compton, is of the period of the first Earl. Next to the Dining-room is the archway leading to the great staircase, which, in 1897, underwent an alteration from Wyatt's design; the ceiling was copied in 1867 from Canonbury House. This part of the east side of the house is of later date than the Hall. Over the Dining-room is the Drawing-room, a most pleasant apartment, with an old high window overlooking the Court, a bow and other re-inserted windows letting in the southern sun towards the garden. The walls are enriched with handsome oak panelling brought by Charles, third Marquis, from Canonbury House, including the carving over the mantelpiece, the cornice over which is modern, also the doors, though the doorways apparently belong to the Italian-Elizabethan style of Sir John Spencer's time; the ceiling, which was restored when the oak was put up, having been erected probably by Earl James after the Restoration. A doorway in the wall opened originally on to a gallery in the Chapel, which would have been made when the panels of the adjoining room were plastered up. The most luxurious way of attending prayers is exemplified in the adjoining "Chapel" Drawing-room, where without leaving their seats by the blazing logs the ladies could hear the minister and join in the responses if they thought fit. The room is panelled in oak; eight of the lowest panels open in pairs like cupboard doors, giving directly on to the Chapel, facing the large south window where the altar stood: it is a most curious contrivance. The panels are now restored and the walls cleaned of their white

CARVING OVER THE DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE, BROUGHT FROM CANONBURY HOUSE

paint. Through this room is the so-called "bedchamber of Henry VIII." where the window is of four lights, containing in each some very good old painted glass, the arms of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon; and in the other two lights their badges, the Tudor rose and the castle of Castile, this last being the only one imperfect. They are surmounted by crowns, and the whole are remarkably well drawn.

Close by this room is one only seven feet square, communicating with a secret hiding-place above, by a little narrow staircase which has a slot for observation, formerly concealed by panelling. The multiplicity of windows and walls in the house would completely baffle an enemy in discovering these secret hiding-places; and woe betide any honest person nowadays who would try to find his way about unguided,—for with rooms leading out of one another as is usual in old houses, not to mention many with several doors and two or three staircases, it is like a maze to the uninitiated. It is a common saying about many houses that there are as many windows as days, and as many staircases as months in the year. Here, however, the glazed windows are computed at 275, having been reduced to thirty in the window-tax days; the flights of stairs at seventeen, but there are, besides, odd steps everywhere; the rooms are put down at eighty, not including the cupboards and recesses, many of which would be hiding-places for the family valuables in troublous times, and were covered in with wainscoting or tapestry.

Up a circular stair in the great tower is the "Guard-room" or "Council Chamber." The walls are covered with wainscot boards of split oak, showing the graining in a better way than sawn wood; the band of carving running round the doors is modern, probably occupying the place of old work. The beautiful ceiling, now restored, is of the date of Spencer, second Earl,

THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING PANELLING FROM CANONBURY HOUSE

but contains no historical allusions like the "Henry VIII. Room" ceiling, which was his erection also. Over the fireplace are marks of fire, showing doubtless the carelessness of the Parliamentary garrison; but the tough oak fortunately stood a certain amount of burning with impunity. The room was well chosen for a meeting-place, as those concerned could approach or leave hastily by different ways: there are six doors in the room, three giving access to newel staircases, one of which leads to the Chapel above, passing by the "Priest's hiding-hole," containing a window; another door leads into a tiny room having a trap-door and well-hole; and another now opens into a space at the back of the fireplace (if this was a hiding-hole the doorway must be of late date).

CARVED DOOR

The "Roman Catholic Chapel" or "Priest's Room" is an extraordinary place, which tradition says was used as a Romish chapel in the days of persecution. There were many recusants

in the neighbourhood, and this top room being doubtless a safe spot to worship in, the gallant protection of the Comptons might have been extended to them ; or more probably it was a private chapel for some member of the family. The room is in the roof, the sloping timbers forming the walls with plaster between, and a cupboard behind the chimney appears to have been another hiding-place ; three other doors are at the head of as many staircases. Fixed beneath the south-west window is a slab of elm four feet long by seventeen inches wide, said to have been used as an altar. It certainly has marks which might be called rudimentary consecration crosses, but they are seven instead of five, and it has no recess for the necessary stone containing a relic. The beauty of the room is the oak doorway, exquisitely carved with trophies, birds and leaves in the finest Renaissance style. Whether it has always belonged to this room is doubtful : probably not, as it is unlike anything else in the house. It is a pity that the insides of the jamb capitals have been cut out, and the original spandrels with the old fastening have gone.

What are termed "the Barracks," from having been the quarters of Colonel Purefoy's soldiers, are over the Drawing-room ; formerly a great open space, but now divided off into servants' rooms, the passage running along being lighted by quaint dormer windows like those seen on the south side of the Court. The huge oak tie-beams and rafters that have formed the trusty framework of the roof through various vicissitudes intercept the passage at intervals, though they can be better seen in their original uncleaned aspect in another part, where the wounded Royalists are said to have been hidden. At the eastern end of the Barracks is a room with a charming view up the hill, probably used by the captain of the guard : it has a newel staircase descending, now blocked up. At the western end is the little oriel window in one of the half-timbered gables ;

the carved sill is upwards of nineteen inches thick and seventeen deep.

In a four-light window on the south side of the Court, over a door leading to the Chapel, are very good coloured glass medallions of the red dragon crest; the one on the dexter side is surrounded by a blue border of ten Tudor roses. The Chapel, whose large window is a notable feature outside, is at present dismantled. The only feature left is the screen of whitewashed wood dividing it into two parts with a gate in the centre; this is worth noting because of its carved panels at the head, which probably came from Fulbroke, being of the mediæval religious grotesque epoch. The great window is said to have been removed during the Civil War to Balliol College, Oxford, where the two shields of arms are still to be found in one of the north windows of the Chapel.

A CORNER IN THE COUNCIL-ROOM

In the south-west angle of the quadrangle lies the traditional "jail," a dark, stone-floored room, with a low barred window; more likely used as a cellar, or kitchen for the garrison, as the

staircase outside leads up to the Barracks. Another curiosity is the lion's head carved in stone inserted in the courtyard wall by the buttery window, which is said to have run with wine on festive occasions ; a stone basin is fixed underneath. Close to the house, but surrounded now by trees, is an old brick dovecote ; a pitched stone path formerly led beside it from the house to the mill-pool, the descent of the water to which from the moat came through two stew-ponds, all of which remain, and a pleasant, dreamy little path it still is. It is interesting to note that the pool was obtained in all probability by excavating clay to make bricks for the house. Some of the old red ridge-tiles on the roof still retain their oak-leaf cresting, making a nice finish. Just beyond the dovecote is the Church, interesting as of a style and date very uncommon in church-building. The original one, in which the ancestors of the first Sir William Compton were buried, was completely demolished when the Parliamentarians besieged the house. It was rebuilt by Earl James between 1656 and 1665, which latter date, with his initials "I. N.," appears on leaden spouts. The Church consists of nave and aisle of equal width and length, there being only two or three similar examples in England ; and contains a few broken family monuments rescued after the Restoration from the moat, into which they had been thrown. Such indignities did the effigies of the great Sir William and Henry first Lord Compton suffer ; but we hope the clashing sword and din of strife will never again disturb the resting-place of the second Sir William, designated by Cromwell "that sober young man and godly Cavalier," who was buried in the new church in 1663, almost under the shadow of his beautiful old home, for which and his king and country he had fought so well.

With its glorious colour so responsive to the awakening touch of the summer sunlight, it is hard to bid the grand old

house farewell; and harder still to close this sketch, leaving unwritten so much that could be written concerning one of England's matchless

> "Ancient homes of lord and lady,
> Built for pleasure and for state."

Haworth Castle

GATEWAY AND DACRE TOWER FROM THE GARDEN

NAWORTH CASTLE

BY A. H. MALAN

THE cross-country traveller, from Newcastle or Carlisle, who elects to get out at Naworth and can spend a day or two, will find, within the circuit of a few miles, a Castle, Priory, Spa; breezy uplands with crags, lochs, and camps; a trout-stream of no mean repute; and sloping woodlands, where brown owls are common objects of the gloaming, and dapper little dippers disport themselves by babbling becks, deep down in leafy dells.

So tree-girt, indeed, is Naworth that the station is in the middle of a wood, with rabbits poking their noses through the palings; and when, beyond its gates, you pass "just down over the bank"—that convenient Cumbrian phrase for beguiling the

pedestrian and courteously compressing distance—so woodlocked is the Castle yonder that its turrets alone appear.

In absence of definite knowledge, Naworth, or Naward, is believed to have begun life as a simple Pele : one of those handy refuges, where, at the approach of the Northern marauder, the herdsmen of the smaller lords could find temporary shelter for themselves and their cattle. And whoever built this Pele certainly had his wits about him. For though from the south the Castle appears to be too low for safety, from the north and west it is discovered to be standing on a point where two defiles meet, like a cliff-castle ; hence on three sides being well out of range of all primitive artillery, though at the expense of having to contract its area from east to west, to adjust itself to the narrowing platform.

Then, in 1336, when the Scots were rampagious, Ranulph Dacre, having acquired the property through his wife, Margaret, heiress of the last De Multon of Gilsland, obtained license to crenellate, running a strong wall across the tongue of land, and extending the Pele upwards into what afterward became known as the Dacre Tower.

But before reaching that tower you will see before you some work of a more considerable builder, Sir Thomas Dacre, who, towards the end of the fifteenth century, so extensively added to Ranulph's crenellation as to make the Castle much what it is to-day. This is the Gateway, with the Dacre shield above it ; the wall standing out at right angles having, of course, strictly speaking, no business to be there, though its presence is justified through its helping to enclose a charming old-fashioned garden, where fruit, flowers, and vegetables grow together in seductive proximity ; blackbirds being constant attendants, and squirrels paying occasional visits, to see what they can find. This gateway, a removed Guard-room, and the contiguous Botehouse,

with curtain walls, formed an outer court, duly protected by a moat still visible, running parallel with them; the Botehouse having now made a clean sweep of its fuel and forage, and acquired the dignity of a studio, wherein some of those oil paintings from Lord Carlisle's brush, in the domestic rooms, may have been from time to time produced.

THE GATEWAY WITH DACRE SHIELD

A few steps within this Gateway, in the outer wall of the Castle, is an entrance displaying Lord William Howard's shield and leading into the quadrangle; the casual tripper not being supposed to turn to the left, into the Smoking-room in the basement, but to cross the Court and present himself at the doorway with a similar shield. While awaiting admission, the curious may detect around the quadrangle three periods of construction — Sir Thomas Dacre's work, Lord William's work, and the *post*-1844-fire repairs. With one's back to the door, to the left is the Dacre Tower, with the older Pele masonry at its base; between which and the twelfth-century Byzantine well-head from Venice were

some lodging-rooms of the Lord William era; these, however, having succumbed to the fire, the massive Dacre curtain now stands exposed, pierced by the main gateway, through which a mounted knight could pass without lowering his lance. The Hall is fine indeed. Before the fire its roof was flat and panelled, and contained hypothetical portraits of King Brute and his successors, brought in 1604 from Kirkoswald Castle. At its upper end was a partition, where now stands the tall tapestried screen shutting off the dais portion into a dining-room; at the lower end was a stone screen, by Sir John Vanbrugh, apparently somewhat similar to the one at Audley End, where, parenthetically, is an excellent portrait of Lord William's mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, though it is but the half of a picture of which the other half is said to be in Lord Westmorland's possession. This out-of-place stone affair had taken the place of an earlier oak screen, on the top of which, or ranged at its base, stood four great beasts, cognisances of De Vaux, Greystock, and Dacre, that still carry their pennons as of yore. The large, light-coloured hangings, a wedding present from Henry IV. to Marie de Médicis, are some of the earliest examples of the kind done in France.

Among the pictures is a Van Dyck of Charles I., and several family portraits, including full-lengths of Lord William and his wife (copies from the originals, by Janssen, at Castle Howard); also one that looks like a Queen Elizabeth, but from the crucifix and taper in the hands has been thought to be that "grave and virtuous matron," Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter and co-heiress of William Lord Dacre, from whom the Carlisle branch of the Howard family is descended. Beneath the picture in question, but with a full-length of Queen Henrietta Maria intervening, the armour worn by Lord William proves the knight to have been six feet high, and withal sufficiently stalwart to bear the onerous duties that fate assigned him.

INTERIOR OF COURT, NAWORTH CASTLE

Westward from the Hall are some rooms, with lots of things to look at, and lovely peeps down the glen from their latticed windows; but our way must be in the usual track of the common excursionist, northward into the Drawing-room, a room more than usually blest with sunshine; a deep bay looking east, and a large mullioned window looking west, through which may be observed that "wild and winsome jessamine tree," which so stirred the poetic fancy of the seventh Earl. At the fireplace end are portraits of Colonel Philip Howard (slain at Rowton Heath), Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (after Holbein), Viscount Falkland, Sir George Lisle, and some early Howard miniatures; at the opposite end is an oval of Sir George Charles Howard (great-grandson of Lord William), Colonel of Cromwell's Lifeguard, one of his Commissioners for the North, and created, after the Restoration, Earl of Carlisle.

But *the* picture of the house is next door, in the Music-room —Mabuse's *Adoration:* a marvellous example of detail, finish, and brilliance.

A passage, forming a museum, with some original sketches by Van der Velde, has now to be crossed, to reach the Library, cased and coved with light oak, with tapestry above; a gallery at either end, approached by little staircases within the panelling, serving the upper shelves. Here will be noticed over the chimneypiece a decorative treatment of Flodden in *gesso duro,* modelled by Sir E. Boehm, designed and painted by Sir E. Burne-Jones, in the manner of the bas-reliefs on the sarcophagus of Maximilian at Innsbruck. In the centre of the panel is Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, commander of the English troops; on the right James IV. falling; on the left Lord Dacre's Horse; in the background Sir Edward Stanley's archers; and in the distance the Scottish camp burning. This Library was the Chapel, and it was this Chapel which furnished Sir Walter Scott

THE HALL, NAWORTH CASTLE

with his description of the chapel at Inverary Castle, in the *Legend of Montrose*. A water-colour gives such an interesting depiction of it, that the ravages of the fire, in this direction at any rate, are much to be regretted.

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD'S ARMOUR

Then upstairs, leaving the door of the Gallery on the left, to get up on to the leads of Dacre Tower and inspect the quaint warder's turret, rising above the elevated look-outs at the other corners; the last time watch and ward was kept being probably in 1640, when after Newburn the Scots threatened Carlisle, and Lord William, in his last illness, was removed to Greystock for safety, where he died.

The Gallery, to which we may now return, was evolved by reducing the outer wall from seven to two feet in thickness. Here are several pictures of the Dutch school, a bust (Dalow) and portrait (Sephton) of Lord Carlisle, and three curious oak figures, evidently old, which came from the minstrels' gallery in the Hall. It is not at all likely they were ever set up on the

battlements (as visitors sometimes imagine) to peep over between the embrasures, and draw the arrow-fire of prowling miscreants; but if that were so, it would at least have been but a harmless bit of fraud compared with that brand-new wooden dummy pistol (suspended here) without a scrap of metal about it, taken at Alma, by the late Sir Henry Layard, from the holster of a dead Cossack, who would have considerably blest the rascally Russian contractor, had there been occasion to use it.

HOWARD MINIATURES

From the opposite end of the corridor is reached the most interesting feature of the Castle, Lord William's Tower. A narrow passage, in which two men could not pass, leads to an iron-bound door, where the flames were so effectually stopped that all beyond it was saved. This tower rises upon groins thrown across the acute angle of the curtain walls, the extra space for a rectangular block being obtained by corbel and machicolation, as may be seen outside. The first room in it is the Bedroom, panelled in dark oak, and having some old furniture; the central shield in the mantelpiece denoting that this stage was the work of Sir Thomas Dacre. A narrow newel stairs with well-worn treads takes one up to the Library overhead, also panelled, with Lord William's books on the shelves;

the windows are small and two, facing south, have steps up from the floor. The roof here is extremely handsome, and has good fourteenth-century mouldings and bosses; but it seems far too heavy for such a small, low chamber; it originally belonged to Kirkoswald Chapel.

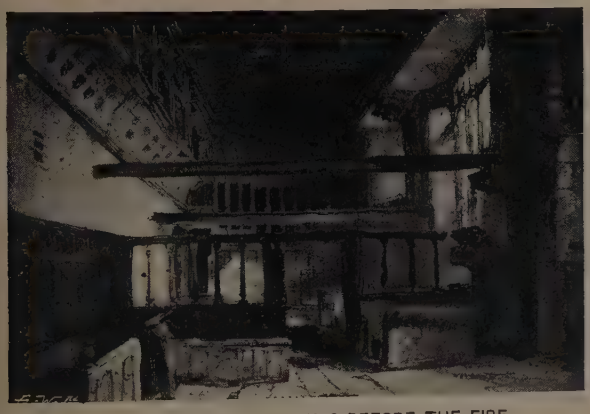
MABUSE'S "ADORATION"

A tiny doorway, close by the entrance, admits to the still smaller oratory adjoining. From the larger of the two windows, here, the view is delightfully sylvan, the soothing plash and glinting stream of the beck being heard and seen, far below, between the tree-tops. A trapdoor in a corner of the floor, and another in the adjacent panelling between them, served for ingress and egress of a priest, while permitting Lord William to be in touch with the prisons at the base; and it may be that Scott drew his description of the dungeon at Falkland Castle, in the *Fair Maid of Perth,* from what he saw here. The shield of Howard impaling Dacre settles the point as to the builder of this upper stage. At the altar-end are nine figures in alabaster, of the end of the fourteenth century, but recently painted and gilded; probably they formed a part of what must have been a very fine reredos at Kirkoswald. Against the opposite wall is a large, wide altarpiece of the Flemish School, dated 1514, the shields on

the pillars between the subjects showing it to have been painted to the order of Sir Thomas Dacre ; the subjects being the Scourging, Crucifixion, and Resurrection. Such are the rooms.

THE LIBRARY

And what of the man ? Known in his day as Bauld Willie, and later,—partly perhaps from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* as Belted Will, Lord William (son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, and brother of Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Earl of Suffolk, the builder of Audley End House) may well rank as the hero of Naworth, though tradition, indulgently crediting him with the doings of his predecessors, has totally ignored his real title to merit. It was the Dacres who kept garrisons at Naworth and Irthington, ruling the western marches by the sword from the middle of the thirteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, and enjoying many a field day against the Scots.



THE CHAPEL AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE
FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING

Lord William was rather an emissary of civilisation ; for which there was evidently

abundant need, since just before he came into actual occupation, the English Commissioners reported that a thousand murders, and thefts to the value of £100,000 had occurred in "the middle sheeres" in the past nine years. True, his arrival here was coeval with the Union, which was supposed to end all troubles; but, far from this being so, the state of the Border became worse, as those who had hitherto gained a living by hostile incursions into the other kingdom, finding their occupation gone, quickly betook themselves to robbing their neighbours. Organised, to some extent, in their thousands, the Mosstroopers of Tyndale, Redesdale, Bewcastle, and Gilsland compelled honest people to pay blackmail for security; and having relatives, dependants, and employers, all more or less involved in their proceedings, the ramifications of knavery were so extensive and intricate that the magistrates were practically unable to interfere. So much was this the case, indeed, that when, in 1615, the Council asked "why, after these many years of peace, there is more breaking of prison, and less execution of justice than of yore," the answer returned was that "the Provost Marshall hath been of kin to many that have been heinous offenders," and that "it hath been observed that most gentilmen

WARDER'S TURRET ON DACRE TOWER

THE CORRIDOR, NAWORTH CASTLE

in this Co. have had one maine theefe or other under their protection for private ends." Even the transplantation to Ireland had been so abused that "barbarous offenders have been wincked at, and innocente soules, out of private spleen, or for greedy gaine, sente away." Therefore Naworth's hero had the irksome, thankless task of creating respect for the law in a land where there was none, and where those who should have backed him up not only opposed him, but laid most of the blame at his door, in consequence of his suspected recusancy; Sir John Anderson, for example, in 1617, affirming that thefts and murders had increased, because, under leadership of "the enemies of true religion"—meaning Lord William—the people had largely become "papists and theeves, living without fear of God, or regard of any wholesome laws."

BUST AND PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE

Up to this time Bauld Willie's sphere of influence was local; but the following year he was made head of the Border Commissioners; and then he pretty quickly retaliated on those detractors who talked about wholesome laws, and, much to their dismay, made his enemies "sit up." He drew up a long report of "disordered persons," whose enlargement was a public scandal. From this report, it appears, a not uncommon practice was for felons and outlaws to drive off sheep or cattle by night, maiming or murdering any pursuer; and then, after passing on the spoil to receivers, to bolt to Ireland for awhile, and presently

NAWORTH CASTLE FROM THE WEST

return to resume operations ; or, if caught by garrison-troopers doing police-duty, either to be bailed and not appear at the assize, or promptly break gaol with impunity ; for either of which eventualities money would be readily forthcoming, since, when one of their friends was in trouble, the whole company would advance large sums from the common stock.

ON THE IRTHING

On these goings-on the Chief Commissioner forcibly remarks : — "When such connivencie and favor is shewed to such a cursed generation, no marvaile though theft increaseth — *sanguis Abeli clamat de terrâ!*" And therefore what redounds so much to Lord William's credit is that, between 1618 and 1636, he managed to get brought to account sixty-eight malefactors (nearly all of whom were executed) in a region where, before, it had been hard to get one conviction ; more particularly so, as by nature he was a man of culture and scholarship, who much preferred studying theology, deciphering Roman legends "crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt," and making sketches for Camden's *Britannia,* to hearing informations against some wretched Jock of the Rigg, Pele of the Hill, or Robin of the Pike, who must needs find lodgment in his dungeons on their way to Carlisle.

Happily no rank-riders need be feared on our way to Lanercost ; so we may safely proceed down the glen, noting the picturesque sandstone rocks, and the profusion of shuttlecock ferns. A good deal might be said of those ferns, if one were

LANERCOST PRIORY, NEAR NAWORTH CASTLE

writing of a Devonshire combe or a Cornish "bottom"; but it would never do to go into ecstasies, here in the canny North, within easy reach of Tyneside. From the stone bridge below, the slope to the left should be mounted for the only good view of the Castle; after which the "loaning" by the stream will take you down to the broad lawn of the Irthing, where, unless the river be in flood, stepping-stones provide a short cut to the Priory.

ANOTHER VIEW OF LANERCOST PRIORY

This stately semi-ruin will bear visiting more than once: to ramble through the vaulted cellars, the Prior's mansion, and dormer; to study the advance in Early English detail from east to west, in pier, lancet, and triforium; or to meditate among the tombs. Founded in 1169 by Robert de Vaux, it was gradually added to or reconstructed as funds came in: Maude de Vaux, whose granddaughter was abducted from Warwick Castle by Ranulph Dacre, proving in her widowhood, about 1280, a special benefactor. At that date, also, Edward I. and Eleanor visited the place, the Royal party hunting the wolf and red-deer; perhaps finding cause to bless the holy god Silvanus, like the hunters of Banna who recorded their thanks on an altar here; or perhaps coming across a descendant of that boar of prodigious size, which moved the præfect of the Sebosian Cavalry to exult at scoring off those "many of his predecessors who had not been able to take it." Doubtless the Priory would benefit financially by the King's visit, and may have looked forward to a good time

RECENTLY EXCAVATED ROMAN CAMP, NEAR NAWORTH CASTLE

ahead. But, in 1296, down came the Scots, ravaging the country under the Earl of Buchan; "blooding their arms upon old women, transfixing children with their spears," and performing even more atrocities than that; also assembling the scholars of Hexham and then firing the school; and next, after damaging Hexham Abbey so far as time allowed, passing on to raid Lanercost.

These outrages brought Edward back in 1306. He sent his judges to Berwick, where they tried any number of peace-breakers, and suspended Lady Buchan over the wall in a cage eight feet square; a solitary, silent incarceration, most trying to one of the less-silent sex, but at least more airy than a cell. While the King wintered at Lanercost, Thomas Bruce was brought there a prisoner, and sent thence to Carlisle, to be dragged round the walls like Hector—an indignity which his brother Robert was not slow to avenge on Lanercost; after which presently David appeared on the scene, stole the treasures, smashed the doors, and "reduced to nothingness" everything he attacked. Subsequently the black canons patched up their buildings as best they could with Dacre and other help, and so remained in possession till the dissolution. The nave of the Priory is now the parish church. The turf-floored, roofless transept and choir aisles contain some elaborate tombs, the most noteworthy being the one either of the Sir Roland de Vaux of Scott's *Bridal of Triermain,* or else a later De Vaux of the same name, and those of Sir Humphrey Dacre, whose wife was Mabel Parr, great-aunt to Queen Catharine and Sir Thomas Dacre, who married the De Greystock heiress, and died in 1525. After climbing the winding steps in the transept, if your nerves allow of your passing along the open passage in the clerestory, conclusive evidence will be found, in the altar dedicated by the first cohort of Dacians to Jupiter, best and greatest, that, not content with robbing the wall

near at hand, the masons went at least as far as Amboglanna for material.

This station, now called Burdoswald, the quarters for a time of the Sixth Legion, is not far from the Spa at Gilsland; the guard-chambers, gateways, private museum, and splendid view in front of the camp, with the tawny Irthing sweeping round below, all being worth going to see.

But a much more interesting camp is that of Borcovicus (Housesteads), farther afield, up in the waste north of Haltwhistle, beloved of rievers, and famous for plenty of fresh air, rain, and thunder-storms,—thunder-storms, as I can well testify, having spent an afternoon at Housesteads while the Northumbrian archæologists were engaged in their recent excavations, and having witnessed their men calmly working on, and turning out a little peat-blackened altar at the foot of the camp, under an almost horrifying darkness, with thunder and lightning just overhead;—but, when the weather is favourable, there are bonnie views of Greenlee and Croomlee loughs. And an impressive sight it is to scan the great bulwark, here, ruthlessly holding its undeviating course across hill and gap. The extra-massive masonry of the gateway fronting the north; the bases of pillars in the prætorium; the lower courses of well-built streets once thronged by Tungrians,—of whose sojourn, in these regions, an interesting bit of evidence remains, in *Erinus Hispanicus,* still found growing by the wall, and believed to have been introduced as seed, among the forage brought with them,—sufficiently demonstrate and symbolise the invincible might of Rome. And when you consider how, in the construction of a wall twelve feet high and seventy miles long, every facing-stone has been carefully squared, faced, and tapered, and the entire rampart so regularly spaced into permanent camps, mile-castles, and turrets, that, while nowhere defenceless, it was capable of concentrating its fifteen

thousand defenders anywhere at short notice; and when you observe from the *Itinerary* that the bulk of the troops who built and manned it were cohorts of foreign mercenaries, you hardly wonder that while the soldiery were raising altars to Cocidius, Belatucador, the gods of Rome, and the Standards, somebody should have been prompted by this monument of military genius to inscribe one "to the discipline of Augustus," whether Hadrian or Severus were meant. That particular stone, by the way, with many from this station, and a spirited sporting sketch graved by some wee Roman laddie, are to be seen—under restrictions—at the Chesters camp near Chollerford; but it is a tedious place to get to and away from, and the museum might happen to be closed.

Fortunately you can always fall back upon the Tullie House Museum at Carlisle, serving all purposes and imposing no restrictions. There, any weekday, may be inspected, besides other evidences of Roman civilisation, a variety of those statues and altars with inscriptions in boldest capitals, which the centurions and decurions could get cut with such skill and taste, at a time when the wild men of Pictland and Caledon could not scratch their own names, and satisfied all their aspirations towards art in bedizening their persons with woad.

Inveraray

INVERARAY CASTLE

INVERARAY

BY A. H. MALAN

PERSONALLY REVISED BY HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, K.T.

THE capital of Argyllshire may be said to owe its being to the House of Lochow. Before the land knew the name of Campbell, a few huts there may have been at the Aray's mouth, to leeward of the point where now the *Lord of the Isles* touches daily in summer; but all the importance of the place is due to those chiefs, of the race of Diarmaid, who have been successively known as MacCailean (not MacCallum) Mhor since the great Colin was knighted by Alexander III., 1280. The knight died fighting against Macdougal of Lorne, 1294; and his son Nigel, for prowess at Bannockburn, was given Lady Mary, sister of Robert Bruce, to wife.

But there were great men before Agamemnon; and the clan

is said to go back to Archibald Cambel, who acquired the lordship of Lochawe by marriage (1067) with Eva, daughter and coheiress of Paul O'duin, purse-bearer to Malcolm III. Thus the cradle of the family was on Lochawe-side; where the MacArthur strain held the chiefship till the MacCailean branch began to take

A STREET IN INVERARAY TOWN

the lead, and moved over to Inveraray early in the fifteenth century. Duncan Campbell of Lochow, who first built at Inveraray, married the daughter of the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, who had been supposed not to be keen to get James I. back from his eighteen years' captivity at Windsor. She was the granddaughter of Robert II., and at Kilmun—a church, endowed by Duncan, of which the Burial chapel still exists off the old chancel—there is a contemporary recumbent figure of this lady. Her husband is also there, in hard sandstone, represented in plate armour.

After this, by serving the Crown, against rebels, in the various parts of Argyll, Lorne, Kintyre, and the Western Islands, the Campbells of Inveraray became possessed of lands in these

INVERARAY CASTLE

regions, through the combined agencies of clan warfare, purchase, Royal grant, and marriage.

In the acquisition of all this territory, the Macdonalds, Stewarts, Macdougals, Macgregors, etc., no doubt confidently affirmed that unfair means were used. And in a primitive state of things, when to fight and plunder is held more honourable than to work, and when the power of the sword—*i.e.* the number of followers a chief could call out—alone decided whether, in the struggle for existence, there should be expansive independence, or tributary subordination, if not absorption, for a clan, it would be idle to expect nicest political morality. But it is certain the Campbells got large grants from the Crown, for services rendered to successive English sovereigns; while the disloyal clans suffered heavily for their disloyalty, and then, laying the blame, not on their having failed, through want of prevision, to embrace the winning cause, but on Campbell arrogance and bad faith, solaced themselves as best they could with the sense of being aggrieved.

This aggressiveness and predominancy, however, there seemed a chance from time to time of the clans in question being able to shake off. When, as champion of popular liberty and the "Reign of Law," and as staunch supporter of the Protestant creed, the House of Argyll ranged itself on the side of Cromwell and of William of Orange, the aggrieved clans were only too ready to combine against it under cover of a professed loyalty to the Stuart cause; and delighted they were when, in 1645, fifteen hundred of Clan Campbell perished at Inverlochy; in 1661, when the Marquis of Argyll was beheaded and his enormous possessions forfeited; in 1681, when, under orders of James, the ever-hungry Athol horde swooped down on Inveraray, strung up seventeen Campbells who were thought to have been out with the Earl, and proceeded so to ravage Loch-Fyne-side,

that "not a four-footed beast was left in the haill country"; and again when, four years later, the Marquis's son succumbed, in his turn, to the Scottish Madin.

So odious, indeed, was the name at that time, that it was even threatened with proscription; and what proscription meant is seen in the case of the Macgregors, after they had smashed a sept of Colquhouns, at Glenfruin, for being guilty of the basest treachery. When sixty Colquhoun widows appeared in single file before the gates of Stirling, each bearing an upraised pike flying the shirt her husband was supposed to have worn, duly drenched with blood, it was scarcely playing the game; but they made a moving scene, and they got their revenge: the Macgregors must be broken! No minister might thenceforth name a child *Gregor,* under pain of deprivation; and every "lawless limmer" of Clan Alpin who failed to report himself annually to the Privy Council, might, after proclamation, be hunted and slain with impunity by *any subject* of the King.

But it never came to that in this case. On the contrary, the Campbells began a fresh innings at the Revolution; though the Macdonalds, Camerons, and others tried hard to cut it short at Killiecrankie, and more or less kept up their spleen till their aspirations were once for all checked in that rising for the Chevalier which culminated and collapsed in Culloden. For the year following, 1747, came the Disarming Act, connected with which, it may be remembered, was this cheerful oath:

"I . . . do swear I have not nor shall have in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the highland garb; and if I do, may I be cursed in my undertakings, may I never see my wife and children or relatives; may I be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my kindred."

INVERARAY CASTLE FROM ABOVE

This inexorable and execrable Act was quickly repealed; but the spirit of the Highlanders was curbed, and the time soon came when a strolling piper might strike up *The Hieland Laddie,* or skirl away at *The Campbells are Coming,* without any of his listeners wanting to draw dirk on one another, or even himself running risk of a broken head.

Inveraray is an uncut gem in an elaborate setting. One of the finest beech avenues in Scotland opens from its front through three arches, giving the façade of the town a very picturesque and unusual appearance; but the town itself has few urban amenities, and the kirk-bisected street is by no means lovely; though these deficiencies may well be excused, with an environment of such splendid scenery.

The old Castle was a good specimen of that type of Scots architecture, with stepped, chimney-capped gables, and extruded pepper-pot angle-turrets, which to English ideas suggests a tall, narrow, semi-fortified house rather than a castle. It might perhaps have been done up and added to; but was considered poor and mean, and taken down about 1760. And be it said, in passing, that, in his description of the Chapel, in the *Legend of Montrose,* what Sir Walter had in his mind was the Chapel at Naworth; which was as he describes in his day, but having been burnt out by a fire, it has more recently been modernised into a Library. Immediately on the destruction of old Inveraray, the present Castle was planned, a bowshot off; and when completed was the largest and grandest domestic building north of the Tweed. Quadrangular in ground-plan, with a circular turret running up each corner, it is a storey higher than it looks, from the basement being below ground level. The principal rooms are grouped round a central Hall open to the roof and lighted by a pavilion.

In the Hall, arranged in pleasing devices about the walls,

A CORNER OF THE HALL, INVERARAY CASTLE

above and below, are stands of tasselled halberds, used in attendance upon that office of Justiciary of Argyll and the Isles which was hereditary in this family until its abolition in 1746, when the sum of £21,000 was paid the Earl of Islay as compensation. Also, some of the flint-locks as supplied by the English Government for Argyll's men, in the '45. But much more noteworthy are the older arms. One realises what terrible antagonists were those "half-heathen mountaineers," as Macaulay is bold to call them, with their claymores, targets, and Lochaber axes. What the claymore could do, and did, was shown at Inverlochy, when Donald nan Ord, an Athol man, slew nineteen Campbells with his own hand; and at Culloden, when William Chisholm, of Strathglas, killed sixteen of the enemy, three of them troopers. Even the small, round, tastefully studded Gaelic target was not content with being merely for defence; it was often furnished with a sharp stiletto, protruding from the central boss and as long as the shield's diameter—ready to impale any foe rushing on it, before the claymore polished him off, and, maybe, the hands rifled his sporran. As for the Lochaber axes, with shafts from seven to ten feet, and deep, cruel blades bearing the workmanlike and revengeful mottoes, FRANGAS NON FLECTES, SANS PEUR, and

THE HALL FROM ABOVE

NE OBLIVISCARIS, they were indeed frightful brands! Wielded by the *galloglach*—tallest and most stalwart of the clan—they would slash horses' heads, cleave their riders' skulls, or hook them bodily off their mounts, while their users were themselves almost out of range. Two men of the Black Watch fought with these pikes before George II., in 1743; but the blades must surely have been well covered.

ARMS IN THE HALL

For an old Scottish harp one looks in vain; which is a pity. For the Campbells were famous for their harpers, one of whom accompanied the first Earl, to animate his troops. Indeed, one of the noted harps of Lude came from Argyllshire, through the daughter of the Laird of Lamont, who married into the family of Lude.

In the Saloon adjoining, the pictures will give some glimpses of family history. Taken chronologically, the following are observed: "The Marquis of Argyll" (King Campbell), who used his vast authority wholly in the cause of religious and civil freedom. He could muster five thousand claymores taken from his own clan, and was largely engaged in all Scottish affairs, both in the field and at Edinburgh, from 1626 till the Restoration. Suffering heavily at his hands, he lived to be instrumental in effecting

the execution of the gallant Montrose (1650), but only to lose his own head eleven years later.

"John, second Duke," of Argyll and Greenwich — Red John the warrior — "the State's whole thunder born to wield"; than whom, says Scott, few men deserve more honourable mention. He served under Marlborough with considerable distinction. On the death of Queen Anne he frustrated, along with Somerset and Shrewsbury, the plot for the accession of the Pretender. His last engagement was against the Jacobite army which was under the Earl of Mar, at Sheriffmuir, when, in consequence of the battle being drawn, he is reported to have exclaimed,—

> "If it was not weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
> If it was not weel bobbit, we 'll bob it again";

after which, in princely retirement, he may have planted some of the trees that are still standing. A contemporary of this Duke, if not related to him, was John, Earl of Crawford, Colonel of the 42nd, who was the last known to dance the *ancient* Highland sword dance, in which the two-handed sword was whirled round the head.

"Archibald, third Duke," as Earl of Islay in Sessions Robes, who planned the Castle.

"John Campbell, of Mamore" (his cousin), fourth Duke, (Gainsborough), who fought at Culloden. He married the "Hon. Mary Bellenden," maid of honour to Queen Caroline.

"John, fifth Duke," who served against the Highlanders at Falkirk; and "Elizabeth Gunning," his duchess — the proud mother of four dukes, having previously wedded the sixth Duke of Hamilton. (A specially pleasing head and bust, by Dronai, also bears her name, but is suggested to be a likeness of her mother.)

"George, sixth Duke," a friend of the Regent, and extravagant in expenditure.

THE SALOON, INVERARAY CASTLE

"John Douglas, seventh Duke," his brother — a Guardsman, who took part in the Walcheren expedition — and their two sisters, "Lady Charlotte," celebrated for her good looks, and "Lady Augusta," who may have resembled her in that particular, but was unhappily paralysed. These four pictures are by Opie.

At one end of the room is a large picture which has rather suffered at some time from being put in too small a frame; it represents "Henry Seymour, Field-Marshal Conway" (Gainsborough), whose wife was grand-aunt to the late Duke of Argyll. He was a very distinguished man, and is said by Edmund Burke to have had, when he spoke, "a face as the face of an angel." At the other end is a full-length portrait of the "Eighth Duke of Hamilton" (Pompeo Battoni), son of Elizabeth Gunning by her first husband.

In the photograph frames on the tables are autographed portraits of most of the Royal Family; and in a cabinet are some noticeable things: a colossal Cairngorm brooch given by the county to Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, and by him left to the Duke; a wooden drinking-cup of the Marquis of Argyll, very similar to one at Cotehele; two Celtic gold cloak-fasteners, and an armlet; and a strip, with flowers outlined on it in what would now be called crewel-stitch, from the blanket used by the ninth Earl in Glasgow prison, before he was removed to Edinburgh. That unfortunate Earl fought for the King at Worcester and Dunbar; then submitted himself to Cromwell; but was suspected, in consequence of his known previous attachment to Charles II., and imprisoned till the Restoration. Later, on the Test Act being subscribed to by him with qualms and qualifications, he was again imprisoned on an old charge; but managed to effect his escape through the aid of Macarthur of Drimurcht, who entered the prison with his gillie, dressed the gillie in female attire, and rigged out the Earl in the gillie's get-up — himself acting as page

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE SALOON, INVERARAY CASTLE

to the supposititious lady. The Earl got safely away to Holland; to return in 1685 as nominal head of the refugee Covenanters. And his invasion of Scotland might have had a different ending if its generalship had been committed to his sole charge, instead of the affair being bungled, as it was, by a Committee of mismanagement. He was succeeded by his son, the tenth Earl, who, after tendering the crown to William, was by him created Duke in 1701.

In the Smaller Drawing-room, next door, is some Flemish tapestry, from designs by D. Teniers; it is believed to have been taken out of the old Castle, as it is all pieced, and evidently made for smaller rooms. Over the mantelpiece is a portrait of the present Duke's mother, Lady Elizabeth Sutherland-Gower.

In the State Bedroom, where hangs some more Flemish tapestry, the furniture is French, Louis XVI. period.

Similarly furnished is the State Drawing-room. It has a ceiling of delicate pale blue, cream, and peach-pink tints, with shutters to match; the tapestry shows children, goats, and dogs, with flower-borderings; and over the mantelpiece is a more imposing portrait of Lady Charlotte than the one before noticed. In this room the fifth Duke entertained Dr. Johnson, and Boswell made himself obnoxious to the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll.

Upstairs there will be found a lovely view from the Queen's turret-room window. Immediately below flows the river; on its farther bank is some level ground, with a mound having rather an artificial, crannoge-like appearance—the land around it probably once being under water: this is the "knowe," the spot used for ratifying clan-covenants, the burgh's gibbet, and the point of departure for every Fiery Cross despatched up the glen for muster of MacCailean's clansmen. In front is the loch; and then, rising above the slopes of its opposite shore, those snowy

SMALL DRAWING-ROOM, INVERARAY CASTLE

caps — Ben Ime, Stob-an-eas, Strone-Fyne — perpetually meet the eye whenever it turns eastward.

But the individuality of Inveraray is rather in its woods than mountains. Pray pay some attention to the trees; they deserve it. Close to the Castle, in the Lady's Linn, is a particularly fine Scotch fir — girth, at five feet from the ground (1898), 13 feet 10 inches, height 125 feet — still in its prime; near it, but across Frews Bridge, is a Douglas, planted by Prince Leopold, in 1875, and a silver, planted by the Queen about the same date. A remarkable feature about the silvers, besides their massive trunks, is the fact that they never get ragged at the top. Additional leaders, according to wont, of course they will throw up; but even so, they seem almost to feather up to a point. At a distance it is hard to distinguish these trees from the spruces, which attain almost similar magnitude — the soil being just suited to their habits, its very shallowness encouraging growth by compelling surface-rootage; and how far the roots extend is often enough seen when some veteran, blown down by a gale, displays an up-wrenched root-area whose diameter may be thirty feet. Go where you will, landward, you are confronted by silvers and

SCOTCH FIR, 125 FEET HIGH

spruces, rearing their heads aloft above the other timber, and attaining an altitude not easily estimated except by actual measurement—some, 140 feet.

Suppose we go over the Aray Bridge, past the secluded cemetery of Kilmalieu knowing no different denomination dividing-lines for its Inveraray dead. If you climb Dun-a-quoich, which is one of the things to do, you may come across some of the Canadian turkeys introduced by the present Duke, and apparently quite acclimatised; or, if you skirt the base, you may detect a couple of good Scotch firs of 110 feet, and sundry silvers and spruces considerably higher than that. The drive will take you on, through an avenue of English yews planted the year the Duke was born, and lead to a double row of old beeches, some of them 80 feet high. Not that tallness is any recommendation here. Planted far too close together, and never thinned, they have run up in a way calculated to make any forester blush; though they may have served a purpose in forming a screen across the level ground.

BEECH AVENUE LEADING TO DHU LOCH

From Boshang Gate let us proceed round the point, towards Dundarawe Castle and the head of the loch. As it is spring, no whales will be seen spouting, though some small ones come up in summer and stop awhile; but perchance a gannet or two may dash down precipitately, as though in search of the treasure

Colin Iangatach threw into the depths, lest his sons should fight over the spoil. This Colin it was who was nearly burnt alive, through some MacCallums of Lochow, along with his brother Ivar, plotting against him under guise of hospitality. They invited him to a feast, and he went—armed. The feast over, he retired to rest—in a barn; the barn was fired, his coat of mail became scorched and he awoke and rushed out madly into a pool near Kilmartine, still called, from the episode, Linne-na-liurich. His brother received as a reward the lands of Ardkinglas, which seems curious; and if the MacIvar Campbells of Ardtornish and Asknish have had a kink in their characters, it may be set down to their descent from Ivar the Cross-grained.

DUNDARAWE CASTLE

Dundarawe Castle has some old stones grouped about its door, on one of which is the date 1596. But those stones came from an old Macnaghten Castle which stood on an islet in Glen Shira, near where the Dhu Loch now flows into Loch Fyne. Opposite Dundarawe, across the Loch, is Ardkinglas. John, the last Macnaghten of Dundarawe, would wed the younger daughter of Campbell of Ardkinglas; but the elder was substituted when the bridegroom had the mountain dew on him. Then the

VIEW OF LOCH AWE AND CRUACHAN, FROM ABOVE CLADICH

supplanted sister visited the couple, and presently the inevitable happened. John went off with her, and they were never heard of again; while the deserted wife stopped behind and composed a lament. So Dundarawe came to the Campbells.

Or, from Boshang Gate, you may go past the Dhu Loch, and up Kilbläan—a deep gorge with almost perpendicular sides clothed with oak saplings, and fringed with larch-clumps beloved of black game. Higher up it opens out into several heads, forming precipitous little corries, with a water-fall in one; nests of buzzard and raven in the sheer rock bespeak a seclusion such as might have served outlawed Rob Roy almost as well as his fastness under the shade of Ben Buie.

Southward from the town, you are likely to be beguiled into Eas-o-chosain, a glen of such a sort that the ninth Earl only hoped he might find heaven half as beautiful; and on returning you might work your way along the loch, past Craig Bruach Lodge with its well-grown silver of 114 feet, and make for Dalchenna Bank, where is to be found the King of the Forest—a silver: girth, at five feet, 18 feet; height, 148 feet.

Above this bank is the high ground of Ach-na-goul, which Rob the cateran crossed many a time with his drove; and from the tor which overlooks a rifled, chambered cairn (130 feet long, 40 feet wide), there is a most pleasing prospect of Loch Fyne, and Strachur, and those Cowal hills where fell the last wild boar. And from there, a charming drive—public or private one knows not—down the Douglas water, might enable you to see a silver and spruce side by side for comparison, of which the former is 147 feet, but the latter was not measured; and you would then emerge on the foreshore at Kilbride, where gossip says the Princess Louise wanted to build, but was not allowed, lest a building should spoil the landscape, and hurt the highly artistic eye of the late Duke. Probably, now that, as Duchess of Argyll, H.R.H. is

INVERARAY TOWN FROM THE SOUTH

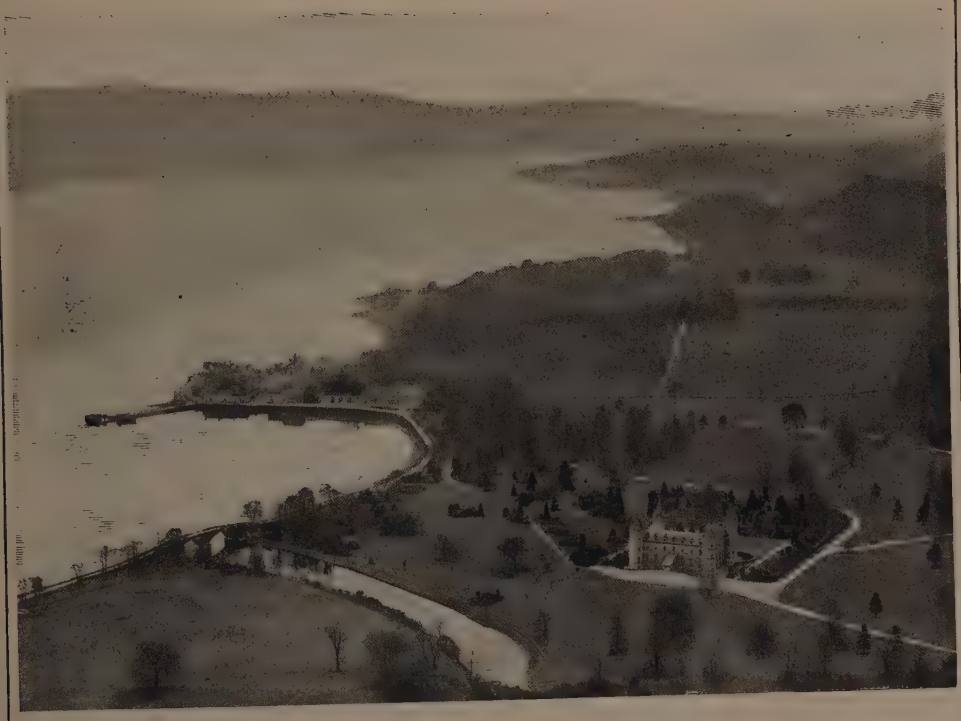
in the position to gratify her wish, the wish itself may have vanished.

Such a round as this gives a good enough sample of Inveraray scenery; and the artist may choose purely sylvan subjects or sketchable bits of loch and river scene, below, or go in for breadth and distance, above.

THE TOWN CROSS

But for grandeur, variety, and expanse, one would preferably take the road towards Cladich. Starting from the town cross (which has curious battle-axe-like terminations — c. 1500), commemorating some people blessed with the name of MEICHGYLLICHOMGHAN, our way lies through the lodge gates into Winterton Park. The herons, nesting upon the slope of Croitville, seem to be looking down superciliously on the laddies playing shinty below. The Scotch fir, to the right, on the flat, is 105 feet high, and has a spread of 69 feet. Two Nobilis pines and two Wellingtonias, a little farther on, were planted by the German Emperor, thirty years ago; and some very stately silvers of 145 feet tower up behind the stables.

CARLONAN POOL



INVERARAY CASTLE FROM DUN-A-QUOICH HILL

Following the Aray, you soon reach Carlonan, a pool of considerable depth, with its famous Atholl tree—*i. e.*, a Scotch fir planted by the Atholl people, who lived at Inveraray for some time when the Argyll estates were forfeit ; the Marquis of Atholl being then Lord Lieutenant. Here a conundrum awaits the geologist, in the granite being over the limestone, just as in a certain Cornish mine it may be seen above the slate. A short distance above this pool there should be sought out some of the finest larches on the estate ; and as one looks at their clean, 120-feet stems, it is amusing to recall that when first introduced the tree was considered tender, some young ones at Dunkeld being only reluctantly allowed to take their chance out-of-doors, in consequence of having grown too big for the greenhouse.

RUINED CHAPEL. PASS OF BRANDER BEYOND

Continuing up-stream, we reach the larger pool of Linne-na-glutan. On the occasion when her Majesty picnicked here, ninety-six salmon were taken out, at one haul of the net. This seems a remarkable number ; but the fish require a good head of water to negotiate the falls, and, while awaiting a spate, accumulate in such pools as these.

And now the ground begins to rise and get more open, the last outpost of trees is passed, and for some miles of gentle but continuous ascent there is nothing but moorland ; until, the ridge at last gained, a new world suddenly presents itself.

Away, opposite, bulks Cruachan, one of the tops of Argyllshire, and the most familiar word to every man in it; with many another silvered ben reaching away to the right. On either hand, an expanse of broken ground trends down to that extensive stretch of fresh water dividing Argyll from Lorne, on which reposes many an island. (And the temptation to explore those islands need not be resisted, as it is not at all a far cry to Lochawe—the usual way being to go on, through Cladich, to Dalmally, and take train; alighting at Lochawe station, where boats and gillies abound.)

Just where the water seems to end, in our view, stands Kilchurn Castle, on a spur jutting into the loch. Over the Keep doorway is the date 1693 (the year after the massacre of Glencoe), some Campbell initials, and the motto, *Folow me;* but the Keep itself is older, dating from about 1445, when flourished Colin Campbell, first Knight of Glenorchy, founder of the Breadalbane family, uncle to the first Earl of Argyll; and uncle also to the lady who married Maclean of Duart, and was abandoned by him on the Lady Rock, between Mull and Lismore. She was rescued by a boat, and returned to Inveraray, where presently Maclean appeared with a plausible tale of her death. The Earl made no comment, but with deep contempt opened a door in the Hall, and in she stepped! The would-be murderer was allowed to go free, but was eventually assassinated at Edinburgh, by, it is said, Sir John Campbell of Cawdor, who married Muriel, the heiress and last Calder of that ilk.

Sir Colin, of Kilchurn, was a Crusader; and the legend of the attentions paid his wife (Lady Margaret Stewart), after her husband's assumed death, her contemplated marriage with a baron, and the sudden return of the Crusader, is absurdly similar to the one told of a certain crusading Popham.

Kilchurn we cannot see; but yonder is prettily wooded

Fraoch Eilean — the Macdonald slogan — once owned by the Lords of Lorne, and granted to Macnaghten by Alexander III.

That long, low-lying green island is the sacred Innishail, "the kneeling isle," which has witnessed many a weird, impressive scene, when Macarthur chiefs have been borne thither at night from Ardconnel, for burial by torchlight. The buildings of the Cistercian monastery have long disappeared; but there remain the crumbling walls of a small chapel — its interior crowded with grass-grown tombs, with a weathered old cross sticking up curiously in the middle. In the burial-ground outside, one at least of the Macarthur slabs may be observed; its moss-covered sculpture is interesting, if barbaric. The figures, all one size, are arranged in a row from end to end of its horizontal face. In the centre is the Crucifixion; and on either side are ranged some Campbell men-at-arms with plumed helmets, between two of whom rides the Galley of Lorne, which the Campbells got by heiress-marriage from the Stewarts, as the Stewarts had got it, in the same way, from the Macdougals.

To the left of this island, from our present standpoint, the indentation just at the foot of Cruachan shows where the loch runs in to meet the gloomy, sterile Pass of Brander, where Bruce fought the Macdougal.

As a whole, it is a splendid panorama; and may well, as is supposed, have inspired Burke for his "Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful." Given a clear day — or better still, one a wee bit soft, but with rapid alternations of sun and shower, to give an ever-changing play of light on storm-brushed mountain and cloud-flecked foreground — and it will be no effort at all to *Speak weel of the Hielands.* In winter's rigour, no doubt — when rabbits peel the young trees, red deer rind the rowans and come almost to hand to be fed, and the gulls alight on Inveraray's

window-sills, clamouring for food — this Argyll country will be stern and desolate enough. But it is not always winter; and consequently on the propriety of the advice tendered in the rest of the proverb, *but live in the laigh,* there may be room for some difference of opinion; as there is, indeed, on almost all things — even on the identity of the Scottish bluebell.

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